

Psychic Surgery

In The Philippines (and In Brazil)

Bible Kahuna

Healers In Hawaii

New Age Therapy

In California

BY

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and

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1st Edition, 1966

2nd Edition, 1969

3rd Edition, 1974

A Publication of:

BORDERLAND SCIENCES RESEARCH FOUNDATION
Incorporated

PO Box 548, Vista, Calif. 92083 USA



Psychic News Photo



Psychic News Photo



Greig Photo

ABOVE LEFT, Tony Agpaoa directs healing cutting force into patient's nose while girl assistant removes growths.

ABOVE RIGHT, Eleuterio Terte removes woman's gallstones through skin, no cutting here, just dematerialization, while assistant holds Bible over patient.

AT LEFT, Dr. Nelson Decker demonstrates magnetic healing on abdomen of A.L. Kitzelman in Tijuana clinic, while another psychic healer, George Greig, looks on.

BELOW, Tony Agpaoa goes after cause of woman patient's female trouble in abdominal area. Dr. Decker witnessed hundreds of such surgical operations, where the patient's body swiftly, easily and painlessly opened up for the knifeless removal of diseased tissue, and just as easily closed up again a few seconds later, without feeling and without a scar! Photography is very difficult because of the phenomenal speed with which the operations are performed. Sometimes a hundred or more are healed in one night.



Decker Photo

BSA 7-6

PSYCHIC SURGERY IN THE PHILIPPINES

An Illustrated Lecture By Dr. Nelson
Decker, East-West Cultural Center,
Los Angeles, Calif., July 9, 1965.

Thanks for the suggestion that I remove my coat because of the heat, but after four months in the Philippine Islands I have learned to make myself comfortable anywhere. There the temperature goes up to the high nineties every day, with humidity at 99%! I kept my coat on over there even then because of the mosquitoes. They are terrible!

For the record, we had better understand who I am and what I have been doing. I was a practising chiropractor in New Jersey until 1961. In 1953 I took time out to study the healing practices of certain American Indians. These healers were getting their patients well in less than a week's time. Their method of folk spiritual healing was not hampered by such medical organizations as the AMA, because it was done by laying on of hands only.

I incorporated this method in my practise and the end-result was that my business tripled in the first month. This made me happy and it made my patients happy because they were getting well. What I did not expect was the effect of this spiritual power on me. Not only were my patients getting well, something was happening to me and to my outlook on life. I had to search deeper and deeper into the mystery of why and how such healing took place.

Crippled patients were brought into me and just with the laying on of hands -- or just examining the patient without even giving chiropractic treatment -- the patient would get up and start walking! A cancer disappeared underneath my hand. All I did was hold on to the cancer-infected part of the body! People were brought to me with broken bones. They were X-rayed. Ten minutes later they were re-X-rayed and I couldn't see any sign of a break. A healing had taken place in that time. Then I really began to question what was happening.

I went into philosophy. I went into metaphysics looking for an answer and thought I found it. I was forced out of business sponsored by the AMA when I was arrested for the second time. I was acquitted but that was the handwriting on the wall. I didn't belong there. Perhaps I had to be forced out to find the answers I was looking for, and headed west to continue the search.

Here in California I began teaching spiritual healing to different groups in the Los Angeles area. A year ago, while giving a class in Pasadena, I picked up a copy of Fate Magazine. In this issue there was a story about Brother Terte, doing wonderful healing in the Philippine Islands. That whetted my appetite right away. One half hour after

reading that I put the magazine down and concentrated. I said, "I want to go see this person. I want to see what he has and I want to be able to do it if possible."

CREATIVE MIND AT WORK

For an hour I pictured myself standing alongside of Brother Terte, my hand in the same body in which he had his hand. All I had was that picture of him in Fate. I made the image of myself standing alongside him and doing the operations with him. It was important to impress my subconscious mind that I really meant business so I immediately went on a fruit and vegetable diet.

Like most everyone else I like hamburgers and steak, but go get what I wanted I knew I would have to do without some of the sweet things in life. If it's necessary to impress my subconscious, that's the way I'll do it. I followed this for six weeks.

My students know that I teach mastery of the environment; so I can eat meat, drink beer or anything else I'm not meditating in, anyway, and yet experience perfect health because I demand it of the God part of me. But for six weeks I went on this fruit and vegetable diet -- until I suddenly felt it was going to work. It had to work. I was really getting hungry for those hamburgers and steaks again.

I dropped the idea then, fully expecting to be on my way to the Philippines by September 1964. I continued teaching classes and along came September. When I counted up my money I had only \$300.

"Well, I'm getting there but I'm not there yet," I thought.

It costs a thousand dollars for a round trip air ticket to the Philippines and you have to have that return ticket or they won't let you go into the country. So I figured then that I would go in December or January and continued teaching classes in this area. Came December and I still had only \$300. I hadn't been able to save any more. I didn't lose confidence entirely, but like most people I became a little discouraged. I was going to spend that money some place, so I packed my car and headed east, toward New Mexico and the Indians. I also wanted to study the Mayans and their temple worship.

On the way I was told to stop and see certain people, an astrologer in Tucson and others. I didn't want to bother but I was in Tucson on Christmas Eve and was invited to a nice Christmas dinner. While waiting a couple of hours for the dinner I looked in my notebook to see if I had any Tucson names. There was one, at an address with a charming name which intrigued me; so I told my hostess that I just wanted to see these people and say hello, jumped into my car and drove there.

These friends I had met before and they were just going out to sing Christmas carols, all but the mother.

"Why don't you stay a few minutes and talk with me," she said. "I

don't sing Christmas carols and can't walk because of an arthritis knee -- can't walk without a crutch. I've had the best healers in the world work on me including Edwards of England, and many others. I would like you to do a healing on my knee."

"Fine," I said, "with my limited understanding."

I didn't use any of my spiritual techniques. I just put my hands on her knee -- what I thought the right thing to do -- and said a prayer. I held this contact for half an hour and continued to talk to her. In that half hour there was a change and she got up and walked without her crutch. For the first time in seven years, she said, the pain in her knee was released; she could bend it and was able to walk.

"I heard you talking to my daughter about your wanting to go to the Philippines to study the healers there," she said.

"Yes, I want to go but I can't make it."

"We'll fix that up right now," she replied and went and wrote me a check for \$1,000 to cover plane fare over and back and expenses.

THE POWER OF GOD-THINKING

I throw this in because it illustrates the philosophy I teach. If you do believe in God -- a Power -- a Creator -- our Creator, make your picture of what you need, ask for it, within, and have patience. Don't lose faith. I had to go 500 miles east in order to go 8,000 miles west!

On Feb. 4th of this year, 1965, approximately nine months from the day I picked up that copy of Fate Magazine, I took off for Manila. In my terminology I had a pregnant idea about a beautiful babe in Manila. The seed of the idea grew in my mind; it manifested in the material; and there I was.

Many things of importance happened to me even to get to Manila. The last half hour before the plane left I still did not know where I was going in Manila or the Philippines. I had only the Fate article and the letter from Brother Terte up in Baguio, but no address. I had not received another answer from him to know what I was going to do. Just before takeoff I phoned my mother in San Clemente. A letter had just arrived from Terte, giving a telephone number and address in Manila. Baguio is 150 miles away.

Upon arrival in Manila, even though I was tired from the 21-hour flight, I immediately called Professor Tolentino, the "Michael Angelo" of the Philippines. He is a world renowned sculptor and the Manila contact for Brother Terte. The professor has sculpture all over the Philippines and has created memorials for the U.S. Government. He is 75 years of age but a very spry man. He invited me to come to his place immediately. I spent the next day, the whole day, learning from him all about the spirit system, that is the spiritual growth in the Philippines, the healings, how they are done and why, the philosophy.

LIVING WITH THE SPIRITUALISTAS

The first month in the Philippines was spent with the Spiritualista group, which includes Brother Terte. There are about 20 of them doing these operations. I traveled back and forth, three or four times, from Manila to Baguio. I went on a healing mission out to the Indians, out with the Igorotes.

The Igorotes are not Filipinos; they are the original settlers of that land. They have a very strange philosophy; you must be happy; and if you are not happy, they will take care of that very nicely, with their bolo knives! There were these two bugologists, an American professor and an Australian, out in Igorote territory collecting flowers and bugs. Evidently they were too interested in what they were looking for to look happy. At any rate the natives took care of that. They took out their knives and away went the heads of the two white men. This is going on today in the Philippines. I mean today, July 9th, this goes on out there.

When I was there in February, it wasn't so bad. In fact, after staying a couple of weeks in Manila I realized that even though they eat a lot of heavy food, meat and rice, the girls are all slim and good looking. This made me happy and I was always walking around with a smiling face; so they didn't cut my head off.

I was invited to visit the Igorotes as a healer. I was not the first white man, but I was the first American doctor of any type they had ever seen. I gave them treatments they had never received before. They had never heard of chiropractic adjustments. There were very impressive; so I can always have a practice set up with the natives of the Philippine Islands.

I was taken on another healing mission, climbing hills to another native tribe, the Eruds, who are a little more civilized than the Igorots. They speak a different dialect and they wear only a G-string, even in cold weather. But they also wear a coat. This is a strange sight, walking down a street of their village. These people with a nice coat on and only a G-string underneath. That's it. They live mostly in thatched huts on stilts and it seems that the sick ones lived in trees on the top of 4,000-foot-high mountains! And we had to climb those mountains!

The natives did not want me to come up with the group of Filipino healers I was with, because I was an American. I argued that I could go up because I was taller and had the advantage of size over them. But they surely had the advantage. I got up there just as fast as they did. Of course I was tired. I had to rest but the Filipinos went ahead with the healing. Eventhough we were on top of a high hill, we could see natives coming down other hills, equally high, from all directions to where we were. There were no telephones, so I dont know how they knew about these doctors and healers being there, but they came, especially the asthmatics. Now I had cured thousands of asthmatics in New Jersey, with a sugarless diet and manipulation, in three months.

THAT SNAP, CRACKLE, POP

Many of my patients had gotten well with this treatment and had no recurrence of asthmatic attack. I had a good reputation in that line, and here was this native with asthma because of the humidity.

"Okay," I said, "I'll do what I know. I can't do what the Spiritualists are doing, so I'll just give a chiropractic adjustment."

I had the patient get in the proper position on the dirty ground and gave him a little adjustment. He heard the noise of the bones, the vertebrae snapping and cracking, and he just yelled.

"I'm well! I'm well!"

And he was well. Whether it was because a white doctor came, or because he had never heard the snap, crackle, pop before or what.

THE SPIRITUALISTA HEALING SERVICE

I went back to Baguio where we had many, many interesting moments. Brother Terte operated mostly in Baguio. His healing group contained four healers and about 20 assistants. These were mostly young girls who sang, and people who held the Bible, preached from or about the Bible.

The healing service was held on Saturday nights and we'd all go to the chapel about a mile out of town. We could go in a jitney bus part way and walk the rest, on a dusty mountain path for half a mile. By six o'clock it is dark and on one side of this path is a 60-foot drop off. Rarely does anyone have a flashlight or any kind of a light. Some way for the crippled to come and get healed!

Then there were the polio patients. When we got to the church they were there, some with active polio fever at that very moment! Some patients were unconscious and others were mentally unbalanced. This room where we are talking now can hold perhaps a hundred people? Terte's church was much smaller and it held two or three hundred at these services, packed to the windows, all the way around the little platform holding the doctor, the patient and his assistants.

The service started with singing. They sounded all right in their way. When the singing stopped, someone would get up and start reading from the Bible. Of course this is in Tagalog, their language. I could not understand and once in awhile someone would lean over and whisper to me.

"What they are saying now is that you should be like Jesus and love thy neighbor."

I heard this when I was in Sunday school as a little boy; so I did not seem to be learning anything new here.

This singing and preaching went on until two o'clock in the morning!

The audience was filled with sick people, feverish, in pain; but the preaching had to come first. The last hour or two would be only Brother Terte doing the preaching. This was fascinating to me because he would take his Bible -- just an ordinary Bible, unmarked; and he would start preaching. He did it in English as well as in Tagalog. When he mentioned John 16:4 in his talk, he opened the book right to it! He did not have to turn another page. He did not have to look for it. He just opened the book and there it was! Old Testament or New Testament, it made no difference. When he mentioned a Bible passage, he just opened the book and started reading right there. I have a picture of him doing just that. You might say this is pretty good, three or four times a night -- a hundred times, each night! Sometimes he would quote two hundreds from that Bible. He would be so much in tune with what he was saying, a passage would come to mind, he would open the book, and it would be right there!

FINALLY, THE HEALING

So, by two or three o'clock in the morning, everyone had said their piece about how good Jesus was, how good we should be and be like Him. An old, rickety table would be put out in the middle of the platform and the people would line up for healing. Just as in the English medicare program, all women with effected ovaries on the right side, stand over there; all women with ovaries effected on the left side, you stand over there; the rest of you, just wait your turn.

The first patient would come up and lie on the table and Terte would come in like this (demonstrates) and get the patient up. Each time he did this he would take out an ovary. It was only ten or fifteen seconds from the time the patient's feet left the floor to get on the table until they hit the floor on the other side after the operation -- ten to fifteen seconds! Unfortunately, in that time you can hardly get any picture, let alone a good one. I saw this go on by the hour. Sometimes at ten o'clock in the morning, they were still working on patients. Of course the female organ complaints were taken care of in the first hour. All the other patients, paralysis, fevers, burns and things like that were being taken care of, one after the other.

Now some patients took all of ten minutes to be given treatment. One night I saw over two hundred operations. In the month I was there at Baguio, five hundred, a thousand, I don't know. It didn't make any difference as it went on continuously. Somewhere along the line I contracted a "bug" and started losing weight. Although I felt no physical pain, I wasn't too comfortable and didn't have much appetite. I weighed 190 pounds when I got to the Philippines. In a month I was down to 165 but I'm back up to 175 now. This loss of weight was due in part to the temperature, in part to the flies that were in the food, on top of the food and all over! And it was due also to the food itself.

When I was a visiting dignitary out with the Igorot, they felt they must have a celebration. A fellow invited me to go to the next door neighbors. They were going to have a big feast that night. I agreed and we went next door. All the Igorot have mutts or mongrels, not dogs as we know dogs, but mongrels. The Igorot would say, "That looks like a

good one." And he'd put a rope around the mut's neck and take it home.

PHILIPPINES NOT FOR THE SQUEAMISH

For those of you who are squeamish, you should not have come here tonight. Some of those who took part in the preparations for the feast were not only the patients, they were also the doctors, the operators. They would split the dogs' throats and save the blood, for gravies and soups. Before the dog is dead -- it is unconscious of course -- they are pulling it apart with their bare hands.

An hour later we were eating the cooked dog. They have no refrigeration there. Everything has to be left alive until time for cooking and eating. All I can say is, the dog tastes a lot better than the beef they have out there. The beef is terrible! The chicken is worse! So I was very happy to get this good dog meat. There were flies on the meat. They didn't taste so good. You see, before leaving here I decided that if I was going to do any research there, if I was going to learn anything from them I would have to live with them. I slept in their homes. I ate their food. I drank what they drank. The water was terrible; so all we had was beer and Pepsi. They mix 'em -- beer-Pepsis. It was better than the water. Perhaps this explains why I lost weight.

The funny part of it is I had spent the last month before my trip, here in the United States, shrinking my stomach. I had been eating only the delicate vegetables and fruit for my life over there; and I found that they eat five meals a day, rice, fish, seaweed and whatever else they throw in it -- and the flies!

FOREIGN PATIENTS

There was one patient there from Canada. This woman had had cancer ten years ago. Her breasts had been removed because of cancer. Two years ago she was in an automobile accident, which apparently reactivated the cancer. Four weeks before she came to the Philippines, she had been given six weeks to live. She and her husband had sold their farm in Canada and they came over to see Brother Terte for a healing.

I met them at this little church, with its single, 25-watt bulb in the middle for illumination -- only light they had in the whole building. Old newspapers covered the ceiling, to keep the dirt from falling down; but long, black streamers of soot and dust hung from above, where the yellowed newspapers were torn. I saw this woman's operation at night. I had been there about a month. The operation was over in 20 to 30 seconds. Terte examined her.

"Yes, you have cancer. It is in the bottom portion of your lung."

She lay down on the table. He opened her. He went in like this and brought out something about the size of a ping pong ball. I examined it myself a few minutes later. It was lung tissue. He just went in through the bare skin. That's all anyone could see. You could not see any more than that. It disturbed me a great deal because I had not actually seen that the body was open. There was no blood, of course. There was no pain to the patient, and no scar afterward. What was happening

I did not know.

LEARNING BROTHER TERTE'S TECHNIQUE

After a month of this I went up to Terte and asked him.

"You will be able to do the healing. You will be able to do the operations. All you have to do is read the Bible every night, John 15, 16 and 17."

Before that I had been reading the 119th Psalm every night as part of my training. Terte told me that with this Bible reading I would be able to do these operations in from three to five years! That is, IF the Holy Spirit wanted me to.

That left me kind of flat because he could have told me that long before I went over to the Philippine Islands. So I was a little bit unhappy.

This Mrs. Hall, the Canadian woman who had the operation from Brother Terte, had an apartment right next to mine -- she and her husband. The morning after her operation her husband came to me.

"Doctor, will you come over and check my wife? I think she has phlebitis."

"How did she get that?" I asked.

"She sat there all night in the cold, on those wooden benches. She couldn't move. You know how we were packed in," he said. "This phlebitis started up in her right leg, about six inches. She cant move because of the excruciating pain. She had it before, about three or four years ago, and she couldn't move for six weeks. We've got to go home, now that we suppose the cancer has been removed. The pain in her chest area is gone. She feels wonderful there, but she just cant move. because of the leg. Will you do a healing on her leg?"

You probably all know that phlebitis is caused by a blood clot in the leg. So I tried a magnetic healing on her by placing my hands over -- not on -- but over the leg, and imagining the congestion coming out of the leg, like this (makes passes) pulling it out, for about five minutes.

I felt nothing, except that my hands were vibrating. She said that it felt like little threads were being pulled out of her leg, and a lot of the pain was gone, about 25%. That made my ego feel real good for here I was doing something. Three or four hours later Terte came around. This was unusual in itself. He checked her and she told him she felt fine as far as the cancer was concerned. She felt it was all gone, no more aches or pains in that area, but she was having trouble with her leg. Terte did the exact same thing I did, pulling downward over the leg with his hands, for about five minutes. In that time she said it felt as though a rope were being pulled out of there. She got up. She walked. She had no pain. Four days later at the airport she

walked into the terminal carrying her own luggage. Her phlebitis was gone completely. That is magnetic healing. That is how Terte works. But since I was discouraged from the instructions he had given me, I had about decided I might as well come home and start reading my Bible. I still had thirty days left on my visa, but I thought I might as well come home and took a bus from Baguio to Manila.

FINDING ANOTHER TEACHER

I'd already gone back and forth so many times I cant remember whether it was first class or third class. The difference is that on third class they put the pigs, the goats, the chickens and everything else in with you. On first class they only pack people in on top of you and all over, on your lap, two or three to a seat.

The bus leaves on schedule. When it is full, it goes! (Burst of laughter from the audience.)

It was the end of February when I checked into the Y.M.C.A. in Manila, thinking it was about time to go home. I learned there was a special meeting to be held at Professor Tolentino's; so I thought I'd take one more shot at it, to see what was going on there. While there I asked for the 20th or 30th time if I could get in touch with a fellow by the name of Tony.

No, no one had heard of Tony in a long, long time; but here, here is Blanchi.

"What does Blanchi do?" I asked.

"He does good. You get up there and see him."

So after their prayers and talking, half the night -- in Manila they only go to midnight, because their time schedule is different. Some of them have to go to work the next morning.

A patient who needed an abdominal operation was layed on the table. Blanchi comes in. Now remember, all the healers of the Spiritista group go into trance. They do not know what they are doing. Blanchi pokes around. Yes, this person needs an operation. There is something wrong in here.

Blanchi will take anyone's finger. He used mine once. He holds your finger about ten inches above the patient lying on the table, and goes swish! As he does this the body below opens up, just as if a razor blade or a scalpel had cut it. Ten inches away, nothing touching the patient's body; but there it is, wide open! I witnessed this time and time again. I couldn't get a picture of it. All there would be was the finger over the body, no auras, no spirits standing around behind the body. They claimed it was the Holy Spirit doing the work. They had some strange names for Holy Spirit, but that's the Filipino way. We've all heard of Jesus. We've all heard of St. Michael. We've all heard of St. Peter. They're all there. I dont think anyone here has heard of Dr. Risal. They have. He's a Holy Spirit to them! He

does a lot of their operations. He happens to have been a savior of the Philippine Islands about a century ago.

My objection to what Terte did was that after he had the body open he would take a tablespoon, saying, "There's some poison over here", and he would dip some body fluid out of the opening and throw it away. But he could not heal. He would have to put a bandaid over the wound. I did not think this was right and later I found, in many cases, the patient had to go to other sources, including MDs, to get the infection cleared up. Terte's power was only to open. He could not close but he did a good job on opening, believe me.

I continued to ask for Tony and finally I found one person who could take me to Tony. I found out where Tony lived and went to his house about ten o'clock at night. He is 26 years of age and he has a nice, fat belly on him. He is always smoking cigarettes, a very happy, jovial type of person. We talked for about two hours. I wanted to see an operation, I wanted to get a picture of one. I hadn't been able to get a good picture of one of these operations!

Tony agreed, "Um hum, um hum, um hum."

I went on talking, giving him my history of what I had done. Finally, about twelve o'clock, he said yes.

"You'll do. You're all right. You can be an operator. I'm going to teach you. The Holy Spirit says you are the one to be taught. I'll teach you."

I didn't know it, but at this time I was being checked by the Holy Spirit, via Tony. He told me he was supposed to turn the Power over to someone in his family; but no one in his family deserved it; so I came along at the right moment.

"Come in tomorrow morning at eight o'clock and we'll start," he said. "You just watch for a couple of days. We'll have you doing the operations and we'll turn the Power over to you."

Now I had already had a whole month of this stuff, but I said, "Okay, I'll be here. I'll see what happens, how you do it, and learn what prayers I have to say now!"

"Dont worry about any prayers," he said in parting. "If the Holy Spirit wants someone to be well, he'll get them well right then and there, without having to stand around for a couple of hours saying prayers, letting the patient get sick and die while you're standing there reading the Bible. We are going to operate immediately when someone is sick."

When I walked into his place at eight o'clock the next morning there was a girl sitting in a chair, waiting.

"Doc," said Tony, "you're here just in time. I need some help."

A REAL OPERATION WITH REAL BLOOD!

"Good," I replied, "what am I going to do."

"Find a pair of forceps," replied Tony.

Forceps! There wasn't any more sign of forceps there than there is in this lecture hall! But Tony said there was a pair around somewhere. I finally found them, rusty, holding up mosquito netting over a bed. I let the netting drop and carried the rusty forceps back into the living room where the operation was being performed.

"I want you to take the polyps out of this person's nose when I cut'm loose," said Tony.

"Okay," I replied, standing in front of the patient.

Tony was standing back of her, like this, and in eight seconds, all of a sudden, the patient has blood running down her face and she is breathing heavily through her mouth, wide open, and Tony is in there working. My eyes get big! Tony is splashing blood all over the room! There are about fifteen or twenty people there; on them, on the ceiling the blood starts dripping down.

I'm looking right into the patient's sinuses, seeing the bone, tissue and muscle. I'm dumfounded! Of course I'm also full of blood. He splashed it all over!

"Okay now," says Tony, "I'm going to cut them loose!"

And here I could see, all of a sudden, two polyps at the bottom of the nasal passage. I took them out with the forceps. They were swollen polyps. In another minute, Tony had closed the opening. They washed the blood off the patient's face and she was fine. She could breathe through her nose. There was no more bleeding. She was perfect.

My initial shock wore off; for this went on day after day after day. I asked Tony, "Why the blood?"

"Well, the Spiritista are bloodless," he replied. "They have an organization. You have to go to their church and be a member, with all their rigamarole. My only advertising is to impress the people that I am really doing something."

He was impressing them. When he did an operation he would open the body. There was no question about it, the body would be wide open! So much so that anyone could put their finger in, and he would ask you to!

"Stick your finger in there," he would say, "know that it is open."

And he would give the doubter a piece of cotton to wipe the germs off his finger afterward. (Laughter from the audience.) The heck with peritonitis to the patient! Tony didn't care about that. Of course

to heck with the flies flying around the patient, too! They didn't get infections. They do not get sick. No peritonitis set in. And when Tony was through operating. He would close the wound, and there would be a lot of blood splashed around.

OPPOSITION FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE PACIFIC

A lot of people in Manila are against what Tony is doing. Over here -- at my lectures on his work -- people are against it. He should not have to do it, they say -- that is, to splash all that blood around.

I talked to Tony about that.

"I don't have to do it," Tony told me, "but I do have to shock the patient into consciousness! Into thinking that they are getting well!"

How about that? To heal you have to shock the patient's consciousness into thinking he is getting well! How many of you have had a shot in the arm for polio? Ooh, ouch! Doesn't that shock your consciousness into thinking it will do you some good? I hope so; because that's where the key to healing lies, in how you think and what's your attitude toward it.

In the following weeks of my study with Tony there were many different instances of his unusual work. Tony does between 30 and 50 operations a day! Seven days a week! Unfortunately, the people over there are poor. They cannot afford to pay for their operations. A couple of pesos here. Maybe he receives 10 pesos for restored eyesight, for removing cataracts. One patient had glaucoma. They paid five pesos, \$1.25 in our money, to have their sight restored.

This glaucoma operation was on an elderly lady in her 60s. In 1946 her case was medically diagnosed as glaucoma. Pressure in her eyeballs had destroyed the nerve endings in her eyes. She was blind in both eyes and could never see again. In 1957 she was re-diagnosed by a medical doctor. His conclusions: glaucoma, never-endings destroyed, incurable.

She happened to come into his office when I was there with Tony.

"Glaucoma?" He was slouching around. "Um hum. I can take care of glaucoma. Sit over here. Hurry up, now."

The patient sits down. Tony takes a couple of puffs on his cigarette, looks around to see that enough people are watching him, puts his cigarette down. In 10 or 15 seconds he has her eyeball in his hand! He picks up a dirty old pair of tweezers and -- as a doctor my explanation is -- he reached in behind the eyeball and took fatty tissue out of the eyeball socket. In a minute or minute and a half, he had splashed enough blood around, put the eyeball back. In another minute or so he did the same to the other eyeball. He removed what I would explain as fatty tissue out of the eyeball sockets. He put a little ointment on the eyeballs and replaced them. He told her to come back in three days. That's all.

Three days later the daughter brought her mother in. Tony took the bandages off. I was really expecting something. Could she see? No, she couldn't.

"How are you?" asked Tony as he came over to her.

"I cant seeanything," she replied.

"That's all right, you'll see in a month or two," replied Tony and he walks on to the next patient.

I said to myself, that's one easy way to get rid of a patient. Build up her hopes, do all that and, as I said, she paid five pesos, \$1.25 for the operation. Approximately a week later we were called to a home for an operation and it turned out to be the home of this woman who had had the glaucoma. As we walked through the door, there she sat, reading the evening newspaper! 19 years blind with glaucoma and there she was, reading.

If it were just one case you would say, well, a miracle happened. I saw over a thousand operations by Tony alone, and I saw many, many operations performed by Brother Terte and his group. I dont know how many I saw altogether, but none of the patients died, and almost all of them got well. There were a few that did not.

A CURED IMAGINATION

One of Tony's patients claimed she had cancer; she could feel a lump in there. I poked around. I couldn't feel any lump.

"I know I have cancer," she argued, "I could feel it for the last six months!"

Tony felt around, poked around and shook his head, but he winked at me, indicating that my diagnosis was right.

"That's all right," he said to the lady. "Pull your skirt up."

She pulls her skirt up and he goes swish with his hand above her abdomen. It opens up. Every body sees it. She looks down and her eyes get big as she sees her own internal organs down there.

"Oh, dear, are you going to get the cancer out? Can you get it? Can you find it?"

"Oh, sure," Tony says, "sure we can find it."

I saw him take some fatty tissue -- what we call adipose tissue -- wrap around it some underlayers of skin and show it to her.

"Oh, look at that," he says, and he shows her a lump of flesh about the size of a lemon. "Boy, we got the cancer. Feel it! Poke it!" And after she feels it he says, "Doc, here, take it. We'll send it down to the hospital for a biopsy."

The "hospital" was the bathroom next door. (Roar of laughter from the audience.) She was "cured" of cancer. She didn't have cancer any more than I do.

PERFUME OF THE LOT NEXT DOOR

Tony lives in Quezon City, about four miles south of Manila. All the homes there have walls along the edge of the property. Next door was a vacant lot. All the people there throw things away into vacant lots. From Tony's household this included all the blood and diseased organs he removed from people. This went over the wall. (Laughter.)

There were an awful lot of flies around Tony's place. I couldn't help but notice them because in my family home here if we had three flies around, "Ooh, the place is black with flies!" But over there it is really black with flies, thousands of them, and no screens of course. No one ever uses screens! Flies were all over, including the table on which we ate.

I looked around the corner of Tony's wall and I saw this huge pile of bloody stuff, including the garbage from the food they ate.

"Dont you think you ought to burn that stuff up?" I asked one of Tony's assistants, "And get rid of some of these flies? I'll go out and buy some gasoline if you need it."

"I was saying that the other day to Tony," he replied. "I think we will. It's a good idea. We'll take care of it."

By gosh they did. The very next day they got some gasoline and poured over it, made a nice big fire and burned the flies up too. Of course, before the fire had burned out they were throwing patient's stuff over the wall again and in two or three days the flies were as bad as ever. But there was one day there when I really enjoyed my meals. There were no flies around. (More laughter from audience.)

It isn't their philosophy, not to kill; it's just easier to push the flies away, off into a corner some place. This is another reason why I lost a few pounds.

One day a patient came in to Tony, from a hospital where he had just been X-rayed. He had a peptic ulcer. I know what they are. I've worked on them as a chiropractor. It takes two or three months of treatments to get one cleaned up.

Tony pushed the fish out of the way on the table, and the rice. Our fingers were dirty. We hadn't washed our hands. We eat with our fingers over there. With the food to one side he had the man, a laborer, lie down on the table. We didn't see the X-ray. We only had his word that he had a peptic ulcer.

"Pull your shirt up," says Tony.

The man, hot, sweaty and sticky, pulls his shirt up. Tony steps

aside and wipes his greasy fingers, turns back to the patient and makes that quick cutting motion with his hand above the patient's abdomen. There suddenly was about a six inch gash. Tony pulls the skin apart, reaches in and pulls the man's intestines out.

The patient looks down and sees his intestines in Tony's hands, six or eight inches above his body, just like that! Just as though they were string! Here the patient is, wide awake, watching his own organs.

"Doc, will you help me?" asks Tony

"Sure, what can I do?" I reply. I was used to the blood by this time. Didn't even lose my lunch or anything at this point.

"Get a pair of scissors," said Tony.

"My God, a pair of scissors in this house, where you cut everything with the Holy Spirit? And you want a pair of scissors all of a sudden. What are you going to do with a pair of scissors?"

"Get a pair of scissors," Tony repeated.

Finally we found a pair of scissors in his wife's sewing basket, the proverbial scissors so rusty and dull they won't cut butter. Meanwhile Tony had found the stretch of intestine containing the peptic ulcer.

"There it is," Tony said and held it up.

There was a little red spot on the intestine, about the size of a dime. I had seen this before and I recognized it as a peptic ulcer.

"Now," said Tony to me, "I want you to cut the intestine right down there."

"My God, Tony, if I cut the man's intestine he'll die! This is a six-hour operation!"

"Cut it!" he insisted. "Cut it!"

And here I stood with a pair of scissors. The last conscious thought I had was, "Well, I've come eight thousand miles. If they're going to throw me in jail I might as well die here." So I cut the man's intestines right in half. Oh, boy!

So Tony takes the two ends and empties out the bad section of the man's intestines. Then with his little finger he goes swish and cuts off the other end of it and hands me six inches of the man's intestine containing the peptic ulcer. I wondered what the man was going to do without six inches of intestine? I looked down. Tony takes the two severed ends and brings them together. They no sooner touch than they weld themselves perfectly, without a scar, without a mark, together! Then he splashes blood all around and the others scream and holler as

they jump back. Next time I go over there I'm going to wear a red shirt. (Laughter)

Then Tony takes the man's organs and stuffs them back inside his abdomen. My God, I was hoping he would get them back in there straight, the little faith that I had! Tony pokes them in there and then goes swish above the gash, it pulled together, perfect! There wasn't a mark, no redness, and of course no pain. They wipe the blood off of him. Fifteen minutes later he gets off the table, walks out to his truck and goes back to work. No recuperation necessary. No problems, and there I am, still hanging on to the piece of the man's (Roar of laughter.)

DR. DECKER'S TRAINING

I went into my training and the first thing I had to do was to extract teeth. My mother here is a dental hygienist and a very good one. But I hate getting into people's mouths. I put my feet in people's mouths enough as it is. I'm always getting my foot into something.

But nevertheless I had to extract people's teeth; so you can imagine how I was all thumbs, going into some one's mouth and trying to pull out a tooth.

"No," Tony smiled as he watched me, then he showed me. "First, you point at the tooth with your thumb, like this, to deaden the pain. Then you take two fingers like this (swish) like that and out it comes!"

"How?" I asked him.

"Look, it's so simple. Give me two match sticks."

He took two ordinary match sticks, placed them on each side of the patient's infected tooth, jerked rapidly upward and out came the tooth! I couldn't remove them with my fingers in the beginning, but he could pull them out with match sticks. Within a couple of weeks, however, I was pulling teeth. Then I began operating on cysts, skin cysts. All of this was under Tony's direction.

We went on a mission to the island of Batangas. News spread that there were a couple of doctors there to give healing and boats came from all directions. We had two or three hundred people at that location. On one side of the room Tony is doing operations and I'm on the other side pulling teeth. That's how much observation or control I was under. As long as I was in his immediate environment I could do the operations.

The first major operation I did was on cancer. To do this Tony said he would have to put me under, which he did, in just a few minutes. By that time I was used to his attitude and method of working. He blew on my ear and blew on my hands. A chill went through my body, something you could only experience in a higher state of consciousness. Anyone familiar with the cataleptic state, the deepest state of hypnosis, would understand the feeling I describe. I was awake enough to stand on my own two feet and I went through the operation. I forced my eyes to stay open so I could see what was going on, but it was very hard to see.

After that first operation I did others, with the trance state only in my arms and hands. This is the way Tony does it. Tony does not go into an unconscious state to perform his operations, only in his arms and hands. That is how he taught me to do it. There is a tingling sensation in the hands. They are very heavy before they start to do the actual work. Then you kind of forget about everything.

More than once I wanted to move away and wipe the blood off my hands. I like to keep clean. But I couldn't do this. My hands had something else to do. My hands had to continue working in the operation.

SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND THE MIRACLE

There are some things about my training I am not at liberty to tell. I think you all understand that. This was my initiation and when the power was turned over to me. One thing I can tell is that the operator must always keep one hand in the open wound. This keeps the power there. If the hand is taken away, the wound closes automatically! So if you have cotton in there, or a towel, and the wound closes, then you'd have to open again. One hand is always kept in the open wound; the other is the instrument of operation, with three different cutting edges.

There are no knives used by Tony or Terte. Some of the Spiritista group cannot open. They take a knife and they actually cut the body open. They do the necessary healing and then they close, without a scar, even though a knife is used to cut the body open. As I said, Blanchi can open perfectly, but he cannot close.

These healers do other things. I heard that they have walked on water, a healer down in the southern part of the island. I only heard that. I didn't see it.

I heard of Tony doing brain surgery. I saw Tony doing brain surgery. I described one eye operation and there were hundreds. He restored hearing. He removed cancer from the face, opened sinuses, removed brain tumors. With Tony I saw open heart surgery. He went in through the side. Where the ribs went, I don't know. He went like this over the side. It was open, and there was the heart beating away. He worked very quickly.

"Some day you'll be able to do this," he told me.

I'm not looking forward to it, believe me. He went into the heart itself, between beats, and took fatty tissue out of the heart valve, and had it closed, without skipping a beat. That's how fast and dextrous Tony was in doing open heart surgery. Without dropping blood out of the heart! He splashed a little around for others to enjoy.

I saw him do varicose vein operations. One woman had discoloration from a vein broken in her ankle. It didn't hurt her; she just didn't like it there. Tony opened the ankle, took out the excess blood in there, and healed it up. Five minutes later, when I looked at that ankle, there was no discoloration, no dark spots, or anything.

FILIPINOS ARE DIFFERENT

We must recognize that the attitude of the Filipino people is different than the attitude of an American, completely. These people come to Terte or Tony without arguing or fighting. They are happy with no reason to be happy. If they need an operation, they submit to it. Occasionally a person will get nervous or tense as Tony prepares to operate.

In one case a woman was having a goitre removed and she sat up in the middle of the operation, deciding that she didn't want to have that operation. Her throat was already open and the goitre half removed! She had to be pushed back down again so the operation could be finished. For a moment there it was touch and go because Tony had to keep his hand in the open wound in the throat, and finish it, after she lay back down again.

Most of them are not afraid because, while waiting their turn, they've seen five or six operations and know that there is nothing to it. And there is nothing to it. Many of the patients say this. More than one would say, "I dont think he really operated." Yet here they are spattered with blood, their own blood; they have seen the diseased organ removed before their very eyes.

"I didn't feel anything," they would say, "I dont think he did operate."

They could hardly believe anything had been done because they felt nothing at the time of the operation.

COMMENT ON THE 35mm SLIDES

The Spiritista organization has a little flag. When these healers go into trance, many times they draw power from the flag or from the Holy Bible, even to the point of taking (materializing?) healing tablets from the flag. They reach up to the flag and there they have the tablet in their hand. I cannot say if it is slight-of-hand.

Picture of Brother Terte preaching from the Bible. He has been talking half the night and in the foreground is a man asleep. Others in the audience are asleep; many are awake and listening. Terte is 60 years old. He was a guerilla leader in the war with Japan. He had no way of removing shrapnel from the bodies of his men. He prayed over them to have it removed. Night after night he prayed but was not able to help his men this way. In 1948 he was doing magnetic healing on his farm -- there was no war -- and all of a sudden the bodies of his patients started opening up. He was able to remove gallstones and infected tissue. From that time on he has been doing this work.

Picture of Terte doing a cataract operation in the day time. Again you cannot see enough to get an idea of what is going on. This is the way I spent my first month, mostly frustration trying to find out exactly what was happening.

Picture of a woman who just had her sight restored, talking to her sister.

Picture of Brother Terte removing kidney stones. Here you see the woman, wide awake, waiting for the operation. Terte's fingers are in the patient's abdomen. It is open. Terte has one of the green kidney stones. You can see it there as he prepares to drop it in the bottle. Those of you know your anatomy, kidneys are in the back of the body, yet Terte went in through the front!

ENTRANCED OPERATORS AND WITCHCRAFT

These next two pictures are of Terte's assistants. They have never seen themselves operate. They don't consciously know what they are doing. I had to take pictures for all of them so they could see what they looked like at work. While I was there some of my photo equipment and pictures were stol -- excuse me -- taken; but that's the way it is in the Philippine Islands.

In this first picture you see the abdomen is open and something is being removed. Someone is holding the Bible over her head. This patient has been bewitched! Now you see in this next picture, the operator is removing from the stomach, tobacco leaves! Full grown tobacco leaves, which are very toxic.

The next question anyone would logically ask, how did they get there? She didn't swallow them. As I said before, she has been bewitched. The practice of witchcraft in the Philippines is another story all in itself. I saw bailing wire, commercial bailing wire, taken out of arms! I saw nails removed from the stomach. How did they get in the patient's body? Witchcraft! They weren't put there physically. Mental thought projection put these things into the victim's body.

Here is Ah Ding, in trance, working on a patient's back. He removed from her back an inch-and-a-quarter piece of fiber. Again, you can't really say, was her back open or wasn't it! You just can't get close enough to really see.

In this picture is a group of patients, at midnight, still waiting to be taken care of. You can see the little kids waiting, too. You can't see the mosquitoes. You can't see the flies, the cockroaches crawling around on the walls; but they are all there, some place. Cockroaches there are big, big as a silver dollar; and nobody even bothers with them. They don't hurt anybody.

In this picture you see Delia, who helped me find Tony; and here is 26-year old Tony and two of his cousins. He had fifteen of his relatives living with him. All of them mooching -- excuse me -- living off of him. (Laughter from the audience.) This is the way it is over there. When a Filipino makes money, everyone hops on the bandwagon and lives with him. Notice the Sevenup, Pepsi and beer bottles sitting around. That is all they drink. For all of you nutrition-minded people here; over there there is nothing such as diet control, directed toward

spirituality. They go by a different path. They eat all kinds of food and it isn't spiritual!

Here is a picture of Tony doing an operation for hernia. The only reason I show this picture is the blood. He does not stop the flow of blood. He wants you to know that the body is open and that he is doing something. There you see some blood.

In this picture you see a woman, wide awake, holding her blouse up so it doesn't get blood-spattered. Tony has just opened her up and in less than two minutes has exposed a cancerous uterus, right there, wide open! There is no question about it. I know it is true because I have done the same thing. You can see his fingers in the abdomen there and you can see that's going on. Are you ready? (Audience response a little slow, this time.)

This next shot is of the same patient. There you see the intestines, healthy. You can see Tony kneeling on the wooden bed, and everyone else just sitting around, as though this were an everyday occurrence. He has removed the cancer and has handed it to one of his assistants. Tony is splashing blood all around.

This picture shows the same patient, closed! There is no scar, there is no redness, no mark whatsoever. She felt no irritation or pain. Fifteen minutes later the woman walked out of the place and went back home to work. You can see there the blood on the pie tin Tony uses. He doesn't have any fancy equipment. He probably had lunch out of the pie tin a couple of hours earlier. (Roar of laughter from the audience.)

ALL FILIPINO WOMEN ARE ATTRACTIVE

Here is a picture of an attractive Filipino girl. As I said earlier, all Filipino girls are attractive. This one has a problem called sinusitis. The polyps in her nose have become allergic, inflamed and enlarged so that she has not breathed through her nose for seven years! This girl is 31 years of age. They are all attractive on up into their 60s.

The next picture shows eight seconds later. Tony has stepped behind her and in eight seconds the nose, the nasal septum is wide open! The blood is dripping down. Unfortunately, you cant see into it here as I could see into it and see the muscle and the tissues. She is breathing through her mouth. -- Incidentally, one patient didn't have any money to give Tony for an operation; so he gave him a hand grenade. Tony handed it to me. I didn't have any use for a live hand grenade so we stuck it in a paper bag. (Roar of laughter from the audience.) All the time I was there this live hand grenade lay there in a bag because we didn't know what else to do with it. That's his pay.

In this next picture, two minutes later, you see Tony actually cutting one of the polyps free with his right thumb. The Power is doing it, actually not his thumb. And in the next picture, you see that Tony has closed and completely healed the opening. The patient's

face is blood-spattered. In the next picture, as soon as they wiped the blood off, she is breathing easily. There is no more blood dripping. There is no wound or mark on her nose, perfect; and she is breathing through her nose for the first time in seven years, and happy. Beside her is an assistant. You can see the spatters of blood on her dress.

* * *

Thus ended the formal part of Dr. Decker's talk on his first trip to the Philippines, and the showing of the 35mm color slides he took of the psychic surgery of Tony and Terte. He was gracious enough to let us make duplicates of his pictures for our own talk on Psychic Surgery. In it, we review his personal experiences as described above and then go on to our personal experiences with Spiritual Healing in Hawaii. Here, thanks to the extensive years of research by Max Freedom Long, some of the laws and principles of Spiritual Healing have come to light. We continue now with the transcript of the talk given by Riley Hansard Crabb at Portland, Oregon, Aug. 18, 1966

BIBLE KAHUNAS IN HAWAII

I have had some contact with Spiritual Healers, both Christian Caucasians here on the mainland, and Kahunas in the Hawaiian Islands. Most of them are what we call Bible Kahunas. Kahuna is the name for a Hawaiian priest. A healing priest is a Kahuna La-pa-au, an herb doctor. During the thirteen years I lived in the Islands, Mrs. Crabb and I had occasion to use the services of a healing Kahuna. Mrs. Crabb was born in Honolulu, by the way.

One of Mrs. Crabb's brothers became ill -- a sort of a wasting disease for which the orthodox MDs could find no cause. We took him to a Kahuna Lapa-au and she cured him in five treatments. Her name was Kino Lau and she told us of a more miraculous type of Spiritual Healing performed by her during World War II. She lives on the windward side of Oahu, that's the island on which the city of Honolulu is situated, up near the Mormon settlement of Laie.

One night, during the war, two Hawaiian native GIs had a violent accident near Kino Lau's home. It was early in the morning. They had been drinking. They failed to make a curve on the coast highway and piled up in the ditch. One GI was killed outright and the other was pretty badly busted up. There he was on the ground, unconscious and bleeding to death from compound fractures. It was four o'clock in the morning. Neighbors came running. One remembered that Kino Lau was home nearby, ran to her place, woke her up, told her of this Hawaiian boy dying, and got her to come to the scene of the accident. She sat down beside the unconscious form there in the ditch and prayed.

She went into trance. This is about the only way that instantaneous healing, so-called, can take place -- from our limited point of view. A few seconds of earth time may be an eternity at another

level of consciousness. By going into trance the Healer is freeing himself or herself from physical limitations -- shifting the gears of consciousness to a world where all things are possible, including perfect health. Free of her own limitations Kino Lau could visualize this GI as a perfect man.

The key to this kind of healing as I understand it is the image of perfection the Healer holds in his mind. Also, his vitality was leaking away through the open wounds and the flowing blood. The trained healer can gather this up and force it back into the system of the injured person.

By the time the ambulance came Kino Lau had the GI back in pretty good shape. She told us she didn't heal him entirely, but the bones were set and the wounds closed up. Apparently his karma didn't allow for the gift of a whole body again at that time. Let us hope a few days in the hospital might have taught him something about taking care of himself.

"SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND MIRACLES"

Some of you may have heard of and read the books of Max Freedom Long. His first book on Hawaiian magic, "Secret Science Behind Miracles", analyzes the magical powers of the Kahunas and gives the principles by which they operate. According to Max these are their basic concepts.

There is the Aumakua, the superconscious, the God-self. We might call this the Christ consciousness, as Christians.

Then there is the vital force known as Mana. The Hindus call it Prana. Extra charges of this vitality can be built up by rhythmic breathing.

Then there is the Aka. This is the invisible substance through which the force acts.

These three things, then, are essential to any magical operation, whether it is black or white. Pictures of Aka have been taken under special circumstances and we can show these.

The Kahuna symbol for this force is water. Water flows; so does vital force. Water fills things; so does vital force or Mana. Water leaks away and so does vital force. You all know and experience this when you feel depleted. During your work day, when in a crowd or close to a vampire type, they take and you give. All of a sudden you are empty, weak, listless.

The first curator of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, back in the late 19th Century, was Dr. Brigham. It was from him that Max Freedom Long picked up much of his basic knowledge of Hawaiian magic. Brigham was a world-renowned anthropologist and rated several inches of credits in the Who's Who of science of those days. He had run into many dramatic examples of the use of extra

charges of Mana, built up and used by the Kahunas in their magic.

A MAGNETO-HYDRODYNAMIC SHOCK

Brigham learned that the shocking power of Mana was used in war by the Hawaiians. A certain class or group of Kahunas, expert in building up quick charges of Mana and transferring the charge to an inanimate object, were stationed behind the line of battle. The Kahuna would charge a special kind of throwing stick, hand it to a warrior, he would throw it at the enemy. If the stick hit an enemy or he picked it up it was just as though he received a powerful electric shock. He would fall over senseless, out of the fighting and an easy victim.

The first curator of the Bishop Museum had this demonstrated to him there in Honolulu. The Kahuna didn't give the stick a heavy charge, just a light one. Brigham told Max Long that when he touched it or took hold of it, it felt just like an electric shock numbing his arm; and for a moment a wave of giddiness swept over him.

You might very well ask, how come the shock didn't transfer itself to the soldier who threw the stick after the Kahuna had charged it? Why? Because Mana is intelligent! It is living material with a consciousness of its own. If this were not so there would be no Spiritual Healing by Tony, Brother Terte or anyone else! Your will directs your vitality to go where you want it to go and do what you want it to do. The Kahuna qualified the Mana charge to have effect only on an enemy warrior, and so it did.

Some of my friends there in Honolulu studied Judo under Japanese masters of the art. They were told that the master teachers were trained in building up a charge of "shock" vitality, released into the opponent at the time the blow was struck. Of course the Judo expert doesn't call it vitality or Mana; he calls it "kee-eye". The teacher makes a dramatic demonstration of this "action-at-a-distance" -- psycho-kinetics -- while out of doors with his pupil. By quick and deep breathing -- plus certain other mental commands and images -- the master readies himself. A bird flies by. He puts one foot forward and jabs forward with his right hand, just like a sword thrust, and shouts. The bird flutters to the ground, senseless or dead.

Psycho-kinetics, action-at-a-distance. The apports of the seance room are manifestations of this same phenomenon. But here the action is under the guidance of the Controls, the disembodied Spirits on the other side of the Veil, using the vitality of the medium, and of the sitters.

In 1964 Mrs. Crabb and I returned to Hawaii after an absence of seven years. We have several BSRA associates in the Islands. One of them was a Navy technician, a non-com, who lived on the northern island of Kauai. He was stationed at that time at the Barking Sands Missile Range on the western side. His wife was a Hawaiian girl, real Hawaiian; and he found that he had married into a family

of Kahunas. The mother was a Bible Kahuna. Without any difficulty whatsoever, she blends Christianity with the old Pagan teachings.

His wife's sister was married to a Hawaiian. The two were out driving one night. They had been drinking. They were quarreling violently as he drove along at forty or fifty miles an hour. Suddenly the husband opened the car door on the right side and shoved his wife out. She went cartwheeling off into the ditch, a limp bag of bones. He wasn't so drunk but what he went back, picked up her unconscious form, and drove to the mother's home. He carried his wife in to the house and dumped her body on the bed, bleeding at the ears, eyes, nose -- and Lord knows what broken bones and other internal injuries. No doctor was called, of course.

But our Associate and his wife were called to come to the mother's home, as were other members of the family. There was going to be a healing seance, to repair all the damage that had been done. Before the actual work of healing could begin, the house and everyone in it had to be blessed and purified with a special cleansing rite.

I'm going to give such a chant now. I'll put on this Hawaiian necklace. It's made of Hawaiian seeds. These represent the potential generative force of the subconscious. Now I pour some water into this bowl of Hawaiian wood and sprinkle into it a few grains of Pa-akai salt. This is natural sea-salt, evaporated from the Pacific on the shores of Oahu. Salt is an antiseptic. Now our Navy friend told us that the mother Kahuna sprinkled every room in the house and everyone there, lightly of course. I'll just make a few symbolic sprinkles out over the audience here. At the time of the sprinkling she chanted. I don't know what she chanted but this is one I picked up in my Hawaiian studies, from David Malo's "Hawaiian Antiquities": (In Hawaiian)

Lele Uli e! lele wai e!
He Uli, he Uli! he wai, he wai!
A lele au i ke au, e

Kane-mehane o nehe-lani
Nehe is pikana ka lani.
A lama, he mu oia.
He mu oia.
He mu ka ai-ku.

He mu ka aia.
He mu ka ahula.

He mu ka paani.

He mu ka koko lana.

I koko puaa!
I koko ilio!
I koko kanaka make!

Fly, O Uli! fly, O water!
Here is Uli, Uli! Here is water!
I fly to the realm of Kane, the benevolent, noiseless in the heavens.
Heaven is appeased by the sprinkling.
Light comes, he is gracious.

He is gracious.

Awed into silence are the uncere-
monious ones.

Awed into silence are atheists.

Awed into silence are they who gather at the hula.

Awed into silence are those who sport.

Awed into silence are the hot-blooded ones.

Give the blood of the swine!

Give the blood of dogs!

Give the blood of human sacrifice!

He mu oia.
He mu! Elieli!
Kapu! Elieli!
Noa!
Io e!
Noa honua!

These are of godlike power.
Of godlike power! Finished!
The tabu! Finished!
It is free!
O god Io!
Freedom complete and instant!

After cleansing the house and the family gathered there for the healing, the mother retired to the bedroom where the daughter was lying, unconscious and in shock. She took with her one of the sons who also had some healing power. The bedroom door was closed while they went to work. The rest sat in the living room and prayed and waited.

Our Navy friend couldn't tell us what actually went on in the bedroom during the hour or so they waited. We can assume there was chanting and I suppose both mother and son made magnetic passes down the form of the unconscious woman. Finally, the bedroom door opened. The mother quietly announced that the healing ritual was over. They all trooped into the bedroom. The injured woman was sitting up, fully conscious and apparently intact. She said she was hungry and food was brought to her.

Our Associate told us he wants to learn the Kahuna practices from his mother-in-law but she doesn't quite trust him that much. He is a talkative "haole". Haole is their word for white man. She fears he will reveal the Secret to others who are not worthy of receiving it. This would be a sacrelege. I suppose if he won her confidence over the years she would teach him something of the Hawaiian magic -- just as Tony Agpaoa was teaching his magic to Dr. Decker.

This is a great problem to a modern researcher, to get a Hawaiian Kahuna to divulge anything of his magic. The only one who does teach it to Caucasians, to my knowledge, is David "Daddy" Bray. In the years I lived in the Islands I tried to get acquainted with one or two Hawaiians who had magical knowledge, and got nowhere. But when I learned of Max Freedom Long's book, "Secret Science Behind Miracles", and studied it, I knew more about their magic than did 99% of the Hawaiians! But that's knowledge only. Practicing it is another thing! Magic is an art, and like any art it must be practiced daily if one is to remain at concert pitch.

Another problem is that we Caucasians have analytical minds. We want to know why magic works. When you ask a Pagan why his magic works he is likely to be offended that you should question the Gods and their powers. Tony Agpaoa, being a Roman Catholic, attributes his healing power to the Holy Spirit. And who would dare question the power of the Holy Spirit? This is sacrilege. Put yourself under training to a Pagan magician and you learn by wrote, by rule of thumb. You apprentice yourself in his workshop. Living and working in his aura, your own aura or magnetic field gradually gets tuned up to his concert pitch. When he feels you are ready,

he lays his hands on you and passes on the power. The Church calls this the Apostolic Succession. The proof of the receipt of this power, or Grace, is in your performance.

But we Caucasians must know why the magic or the power works. We must work from a mental level of consciousness as well as an emotional. All of our pagan lives are behind us; for us it would be a retrogression to do healing only the way the Pagan does it, by devotional mysticism alone. We must know God as well as feel God.

THE INCURABLE PATIENT

Naturally, in the magical environment of the Hawaiian Islands, I became interested in trying out my own healing powers. I had been blessed by Spiritual Healing long before I went to Hawaii in World War II. I had experienced the magnetic healing of Laying on of Hands and also Psychic Surgery; so I already believed.

Through my work as editor of a magazine there in Honolulu I met a young lady who was a poet, artist and journalist. She was also a paraplegic. She was about 30 years old at this time and had had polio at the age of nine. The disease left her so paralyzed that she had only partial use of her left arm and hand. She weighed only about 60 pounds and was handled like a baby by her parents. I offered to use her as a subject for Absent Treatment and she was agreeable. She lived in Pearl Harbor housing with her parents and Mrs. Crabb and I lived several miles away on the other side of Honolulu in Manoa Housing.

To give me a magnetic link with her for the psychic healing contact I borrowed a picture of her. The Hawaiian Kahuna calls this the "bait". This gives him an invisible but very real Aka-thread connection with his subject. In all magic, Christian or Pagan, your prayer should be a complete visualization of the thing or condition as you want it. So every night at eleven I went through this routine for about a week. I held the girl's photo in my hand and visualized her lying on the couch in the room where I performed this ritual. I stood up, walked over to the couch and took her clearly imagined hand in mine. Aloud I asked her to sit up, to stand up, and then walked her around the room and back to the couch. to lie down again. This was all I did, of course giving thanks to God for her complete recovery.

After six or seven nights of this I found I couldn't concentrate on her any more, couldn't form a good image nor feel any power. So I gave up in disgust. About six weeks later I had occasion to drive by her place at Pearl Harbor; so I stopped in to see her. There she laid, as usual, on her belly on a couch in the living room. In talking to her I apologized for not having carried on the Absent Treatment to a successful conclusion. I was embarrassed to have to admit to failure.

"You know," she said, "it must have been about six weeks ago

that I was home alone here one night. It was about eleven o'clock. My parents had gone to the show.. I suddenly had the strong urge to sit up."

This was something she couldn't do by herself. She hadn't done it in twenty years!

"And to my surprise I could and did sit up. I swung my feet down over the edge of the couch just as a normal human being does. I pinched myself to see if I wasn't dreaming. It hurt; so I must have been awake. Then, for the first time in my life, I sat there and saw the world through adult eyes as you people do -- with all its trouble and responsibility. I decided I didn't want it; so I laid back down again."

I give this personal experience as an example of a person who cannot or does not want to get well. There are millions of them in the world. Any experienced general practitioner will tell you this. People don't want to do what is necessary to get well; they just want the doctor or the healer to patch them up so they can go on living the way they want to live! This attitude on the part of the majority of us is the bread-meat-and-potatoes of medical practice here in the United States. The doctor knows you'll be back in two or three months, if not sooner, for another dose of pain-killer.

Don't ask, and don't expect that any healer whether he is an orthodox American MD or a Filipino psychic surgeon is going to cure you or cure anyone else, of anything, if you don't want to get well. Healing starts with the Christ-self, the Higher Self, the soul of a person. This is where the power really comes from. It can't get down into the personality if it is blocked by complexes. An important first step in healing is removing the complex, the fixed or rigid idea which obstructs the normal flow of energy through the system.

Back in the 1940s an unusual mediumship developed in San Diego, California in the person of Mark Probert. Mark came to the founder of our organization, BSRA, because Meade Layne was an occult scientist and he had made a life-long study of various kinds of mediumship. Mark was wondering what was happening to him. He would go into deep trance, there would be a change of personality and other, different people would talk through him. Some of this conversation was in foreign languages, much to the amazement of his wife and his friends. Meade soon realized Mark was an excellent trance medium. Here he had a chance to discuss philosophical ideas with people who were now free of the flesh, free to roam the universe and return with interesting ideas and observations.

At this time, in the late 1940s, Max Freedom Long was writing his masterpiece on Hawaiian magic, "Secret Science Behind Miracles". Mr. Long was, and still is, a member of our organization. Max suggested to Meade, "At one of those seances there in San Diego some night, while Mark is in trance, why don't you ask to speak to a Hawaiian Kahuna? One who can speak English and can give some of the

secrets of healing in the old days."

So they did, and they got one! At least that is what he claimed to be after he took over Mark's body.

A KEEPER OF THE SECRET

"I am a Kahuna. My teachers, my masters say I come talk with you. Make more clear our teachings."

Mr. Layne replied that the sitters were very grateful to have him come.

"We want to know something of how you Kahunas accomplished instant healing?"

"It is the same as the mastery of fire-walking," replied the Kahuna, "given to someone who does not even believe it can be done. It is giving a different force to another person. Mind substance that is clean, that is good."

"If you were to heal a broken ankle, would you form an image of a perfect ankle in your mind?" asked Meade.

"Yes."

"What more would you do?"

"Form in mind a perfect bone, you make a pattern, a good pattern or mold. You change broken mold for good mold, a complete one," replied the Kahuna.

"Into this pattern, then, you draw matter, particles of matter by your will?" asked Mr. Layne.

"Yes, by the will, by the power of the mind you change the vibratory rate. This is like making new cells in the body," replied the Kahuna.

"Is this what takes place in miraculous healing, so called?"

"Yes. Same thing."

"Is this what Jesus used?" asked another sitter.

"You people of white race, you do not have the faith we had," replied the Kahuna. "Your teacher, Jesus, said, 'Unless you become like little children you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.' All he meant was to fix your mind so you receive understanding."

"We're trying to develop this healing art," replied Meade.

"Believe. Please believe me, peoples," pleaded the Kahuna, "Thought is substance! In a country long place from here is native

in bush? They have thing they throw. You know, boomerang? It come back and kill you? So your thought, because it is energized substance, does the same thing."

Then a sitter asked the Kahuna about invoking the Aumakua, the High Self, in prayer.

"Aumakua is Great Man, Great Lord, Great Mind and protector of body," replied the Kahuna.

Then Meade Layne asked for clarification of this central point in Spiritual Healing -- or any kind of successful healing?

"Before the power can flow to Uthane, the middle, conscious self, must the channels of the subconscious, the Unihipili, the lower self, be cleared?"

"Yes," replied the Kahuna. "Must be cleared of not thinking of yourself. That you are guilty of doing this or that."

Here is the indication by this experienced healer that we are killing ourselves with feelings of guilt! If you cant forgive yourself for what you have done to yourself, and to others, again no healing is possible.

"You mean the person must clear himself of guilt complexes?" asked Meade.

"Yes, or else you have a block; for which there is no getting through," replied the Kahuna. "Please tell Mr. Long our peoples are very, very happy to him for bring back all teachings of Hawaiians to the present day. The white man is very high in mind and can understand and have to work different law of our teaching. Much better have this generation than any generation which was ever on the earth."

Gee, I hope we can live up to that, considering what's going on in Viet Nam and elsewhere in the world.

REVIEW OF 35MM SLIDES ACCOMPANYING TALK

Slide No. 1 was of the Brazilian psychic surgeon, Arrigo, behind bars in a jail in Brazil. He was arrested by the civil authorities for practising medicine without a license. Arrigo is a trance medium and a Roman Catholic. In his case, spirit doctors actually take over his body and do the operating. The leading spirit doctor is Dr. Fritz who says he died during World War I. He speaks excellent German, a language unknown to his Brazilian medium, Arrigo. Needless to say, Roman Catholic authorities in Brazil tend to side with the medical trust in suppressing Spiritual Healing which goes on outside the Church, and outside of profitable Roman Catholic hospitals!

Slide No. 2. Professor Guillermo Tolentino, the great Filipino sculptor and the leading figure in the Espiritista Church, around

whom are gathered 25 or more Spiritual Healers. His home is at 2012 Retiro, Sampoloc, Manila, Philippine Islands. If Tony or Brother Terte are not at home in Baguio, one can always get help from the Espiritistas at Tolentino's.

TONY'S AND TERTE'S ADDRESSES

Tony Agpaoa's address is Camp 7, Kennon Road, Baguio City, PI or PO Box P. The phone number is 48-20.

Brother Terte's address is: 50 General Luna Road, Baguio City. Baguio is called the summer capital of the Philippines. At 6000 feet altitude and 200 miles north of Manila, it is considerably cooler than the sea level capital. There is bus service from Manila.

As Dr. Decker's slides were covered by him in his portion of the talk, we'll go on to the slides of our personal experiences in Hawaii.

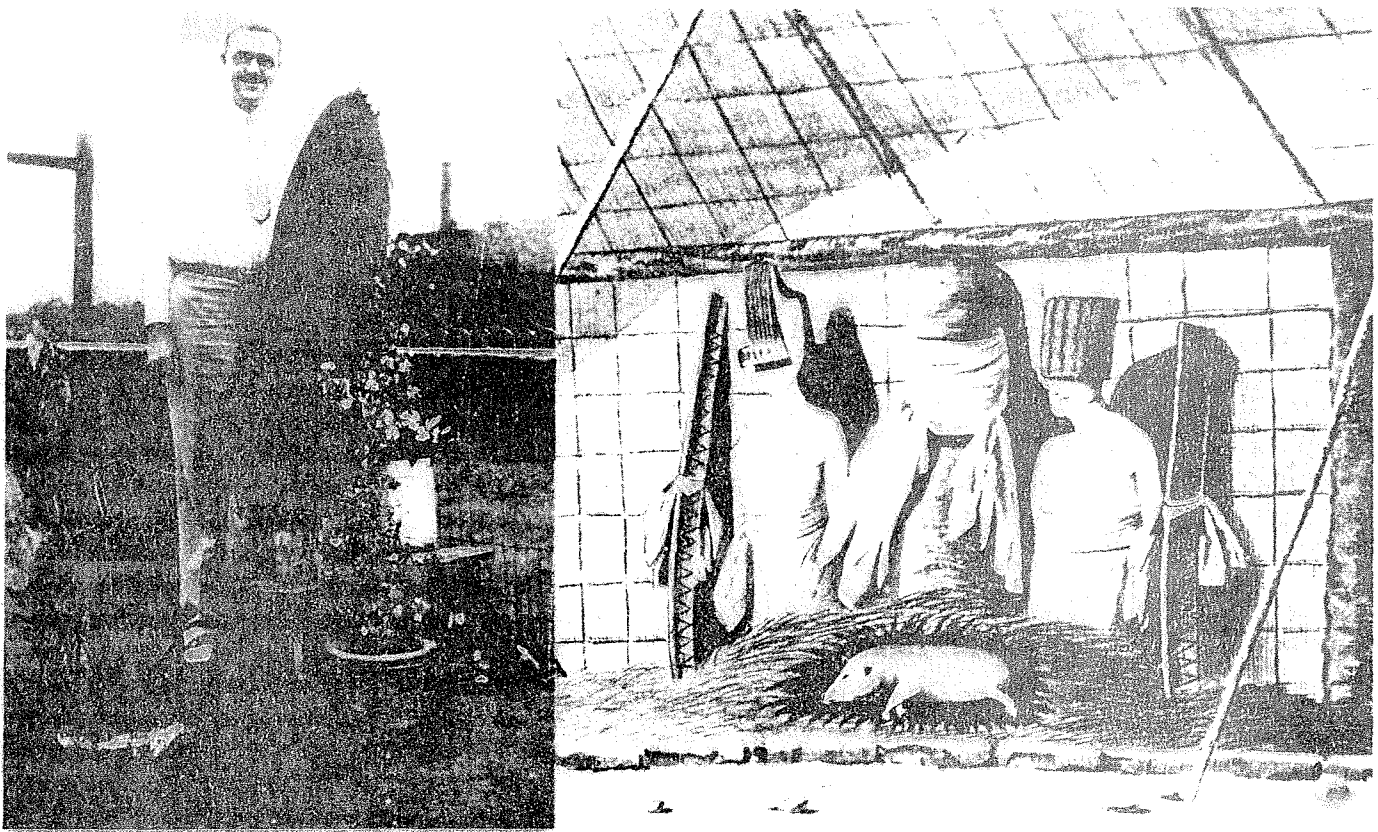
We showed several views of the little healing shrine at Wahiawa, 800 feet above sea level near the center of the island of Oahu. This is, or was, on California avenue, only a mile or so from world famous Schofield Barracks through thousands upon thousands of servicemen have passed, on their way to and from the Pacific campaigns. I stayed there myself for several months during World War II.

THE SHRINE AT WAHIAWA

Back in the arly 1930s, field hands of one of the plantations around Wahiawa discovered two phallic stones of the old Hawaiian religion. These had probably been overturned and covered up during the religious reformation fomented by Queen Kaahumanu and the missionaries back in the 1820s. The Oriental field hands, sensing the magnetic power still in the plain stone idols, set them up again and placed offerings before them. These would be offerings to Lord Buddha, no doubt, though the healing shrine originally was probably dedicated to Kane or to Kalaipahoa. He used to be seen flashing across Hawaiian skies on errands of mercy -- or sometimes death, which can be an act of mercy. Maybe that's why the Hawaiians called old Kalaipahoa, the Poison God, a healing god to those who recovered but a poison god to those who didn't!

The pair of stones are probably Father and Mother spirits, giving a balanced activity representative of a true healing force. Word of magical cures, not only of body but of pocketbook and of damaged social relations, spread rapidly. Soon people were flocking to the outdoor temple by the roadside. At times the line of people waiting to step up to the shrine and worship was a block long and more. Religious racketeers moved in and set up stands to sell good luck charms, incense and other acadabra of more formal worship. The local health authorities became concerned because the only toilet facilities were the ditch and nearby bushes.

Then came World War II and local boys were called into the Ser-



Above, the late Max Freedom Long standing beside the phallic healing stone at Wahiawa in the late 1920s, as described in text on opposite page. He died at 80, at his home in Vista, California, Sept. 23, 1971. The temple illustration is made from a plate in "Vancouver's Voyages". Max included it in his first book, "Recovering the Ancient Magic" and in "Secret Science Behind Miracles". At right is Kahuna David "Daddy" Bray as he appeared at the dedication of his center in Pasadena, California in June 1968. He taught there and at his home in Kona, Hawaii where Mr. and Mrs. Crabb visited him in 1967. He died in Honolulu on November 11, 1968.



Reputable medical experts have finally admitted that the "ghost" of a long-dead German army doctor has apparently taken over the body of Jose Arigo, 62, a Brazilian farmer.

Arigo, when "occupied" by the spirit of the dead doctor, has performed hundreds of surgical operations and prescribed cures for thousands of sick and dying people.

"I have always absolutely denied the existence of ghosts," said Dr. Ary Lex, university professor and surgeon, "but there is no other rational explanation for what I have seen."

Dr. Lex was part of a team of respected medical experts who travelled to a Brazilian mountain village to watch Arigo at work.

"Reports of Arigo's cures reached us regularly in the large cities," said Dr. Lex. "The things they described seemed so fantastic that the government finally appointed a group of doctors to investigate. I was one of them."

"I knew that Arigo claimed to be a medium, that he said the spirit of a dead doctor entered his body, and while there he performed complicated operations and diagnosed difficult medical problems."

"Frankly, I did not believe a word of it. I was glad to be chosen for the investigating committee because I was anxious to expose Arigo for the fraud I was sure he would prove to be."

When the medical investigating team arrived at the tiny village, they were amazed to see hundreds of sick and crippled people patiently waiting their turns in front of Jose Arigo's tumble-down 'clinic'.

"Arigo was in a trance and operating at the very moment we arrived," said Dr. Lex.

"I was appalled by what I saw. The so-called 'clinic' was just a shack, dirty and in very bad repair. Arigo's equipment was primitive. He used old knives, scissors, a scalpel and snippers — and none of them were sterilized."

"He worked at incredible speed, and all his patients were fully conscious. Yet he was doing incredible things."

"In less than half an hour I saw him perform four operations. The first one was a simple drainage of a cyst. The second was the removal of a fatty tumor on a woman's arm."



JOSE ARIGO

"Arigo asked me to hold the arm, which permitted me to see the operation at a distance of only a few inches. He extracted the tumor in only 30 seconds. But he used the strangest method."

"He didn't cut open the tissue, but rubbed the skin with the back of his scalpel until it opened up. He then squeezed the tumor with his fingers and it came out whole. The third operation was on a similar tumor."

"Then he operated on a more serious case. He had to open up the patient's neck. I held the patient's head while he operated with an ordinary pair of not-very-clean nail scissors. It was the most impressive thing I've ever seen."

"I can only say it was astounding!"

Dr. Lex told MIDNIGHT: "I certainly can't explain how Arigo could use the same filthy pieces of equipment for every operation and not infect everyone in sight. Yet I was told that not once has anyone reported infection from being treated by him."

Jose Arigo, who never went to school, is illiterate, and has had no medical training of any kind, explains his extraordinary powers like this:

"Before I start my work, I must go into a trance. In the trance I hand over control of my body to 'Dr. Fritz'. He is a German surgeon who was killed in the First World War."

"When he is in my body people tell me that I speak with a German accent, and that if Germans are present I am able to speak fluently with them in their native language. I understand nothing of this. I only know it is so."

"Dr. Fritz sends me messages when he is not in my body. He has explained to me that he does not do all the operations himself."

(Cont. on page 47)

vice. Then the mothers and fathers of these boys were coming to the healing shrine to say prayers for the safety of their sons overseas. Then it was that the people built this little concrete block shelter over the two old Hawaiian stone gods.

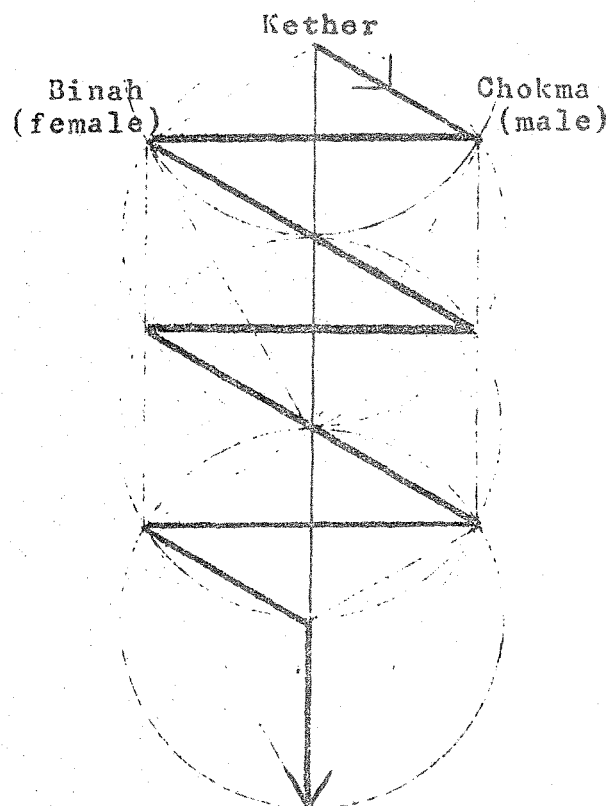
In our next slide you are looking through the doorway inside. You can see the two phallic stones there, one as tall as a man, just a flat slab of rock, upright. The other is about five feet tall. Those are paper flower leis around the stones. Down below in front you can see the large deposits of wax from the votive candles that have been burned there by Buddhists and others over the years. There also is the little red box to hold the written prayers, and cash offerings too, no doubt. There also are some withered, live-flower offerings.

Our next slide is copied from Max Freedom Long's book. He drove up from Honolulu to visit this shrine, soon after it became popularly known. There he is, standing beside one of the rock Gods. Beside his picture in the book Max also included this drawing of the interior of a Heiau or temple as it might have looked in the old days before the religious revolution. A pole and grass structure probably protected them from the elements and there were three stones originally.

The central one would represent the bi-sexual, overall Creator, Io to the Hawaiians, Brahm to the Hindus and Kether on the Tree of Life of the Western Tradition. The smaller stone god on either side of the central figure would represent the masculine and feminine aspects of the Creative force, respectively.

THE LIGHTNING FLASH

You can't see it from where you are, probably, but this upright, slightly hollowed board or palm frond here on the side of the idol has a zig-zag line marked on it from top to bottom. No central line is visible there but there should be one, to denote the zero or balance point across which the divine energy oscillates, from positive to negative and back again as it descends from the Healing God into the patient. The Kahuna Lapauu, the herb doctor, knows that the healing energy does not



The Lightning Flash
on the Tree of Life
of the Western Mys-
tery Tradition.

come straight down but obeys the laws of polarity, just as does the alternating electrical current with which we are all familiar.

Jesus or Joshu, the Teacher of Righteousness, was a student of the Western Mystery Tradition when he belonged to the Essene community by the Dead Sea a couple of thousand years ago. He was familiar with this occult principle of polarity, as were the Hawaiian Kahunas. This is why his healing work was so effective.

THE SURVIVAL OF KAMEHAMEHA'S WAR GOD

In the next slide we take you to the Bishop Museum in Honolulu. Here I am, standing next to a great wooden image of King Kamehameha's War God, Kukaiaumoku. The only reason this carved image survived Queen Kaahumanu's religious revolution was that it had already been spirited aboard a sailing ship and was on its way to Boston! There it reposed in safe obscurity for over a hundred years, was discovered or uncovered, and returned to Honolulu.

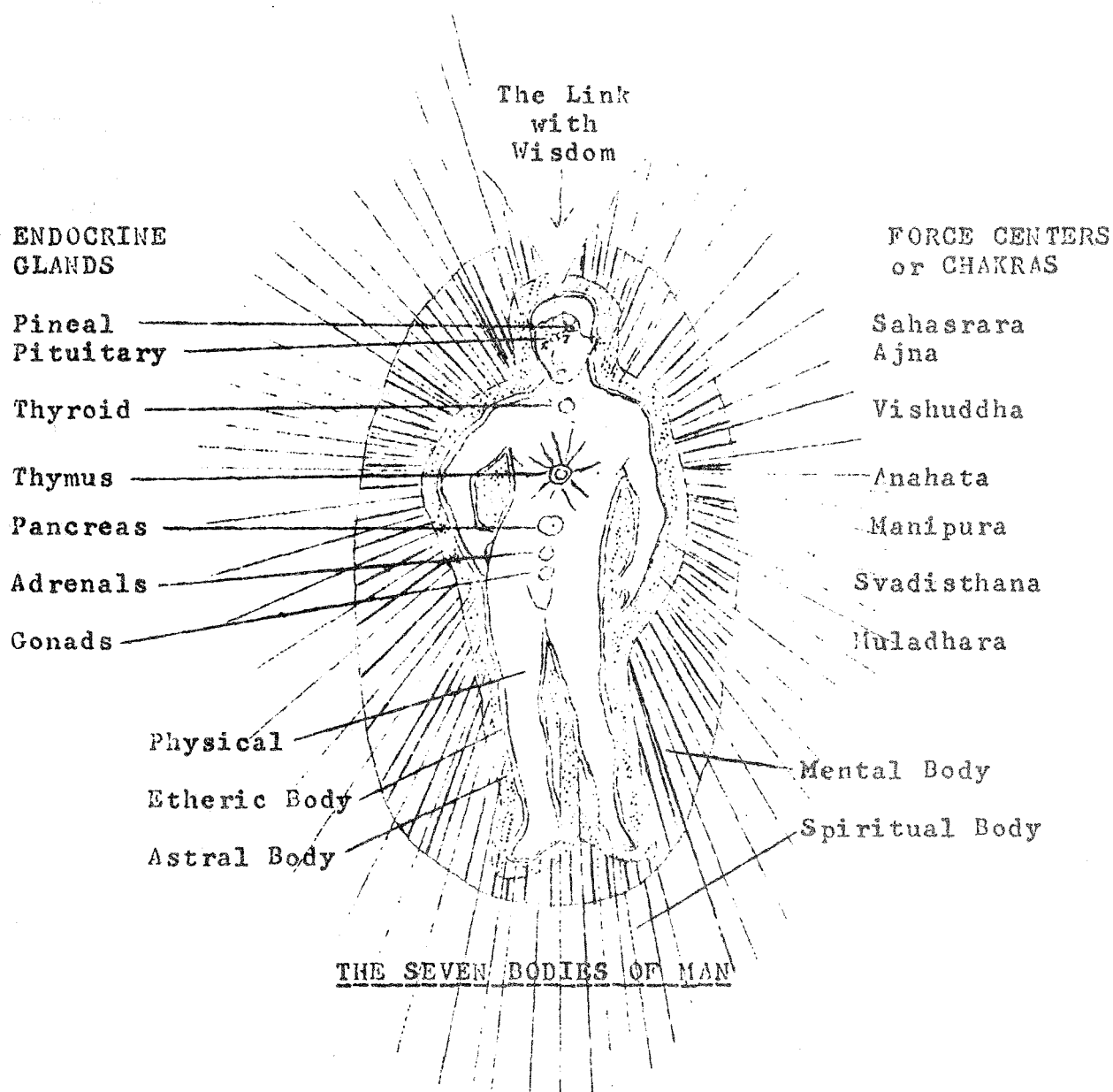
Our next slide is a contemporary drawing of a temple or Heiau in the old days when the white man first came. You can see from the comparative size of the ship's officers in the foreground, how large those idols and temples were. Some of the Tikis were 15 feet high. A stone temple platform itself might be over a hundred feet square. In addition to the temple gods, each family had its own family god or Aumakua. This next slide shows some as collected from various islands and displayed in the Bishop Museum, crudely carved stone figures a few inches high.

In our next we turn our camera on a life-size wax figure of a Kahuna at work. He is on his hands and knees before a large wooden or gourd bowl. On the bottom of the bowl is a round, smooth black stone and a little water. He sloshes the water over the stone to give him a glistening surface. This is his crystal, by which he looks into the future for his client. On the other side of the bowl from him is his Aumakua, an upright, uncarved, but striking piece of stone.

Here is a picture of David "Daddy" Bray, as we saw him and talked to him in Honolulu in June 1964. He is in his 70s, I believe. Daddy is not pure Hawaiian. He told us that his paternal grandfather was an English sea captain who fell in love with a high-caste Hindu maid while in India on one of his trips and brought her back to Hawaii with him. So Daddy Bray has both Caucasian and East Indian blood in him. He is the only Kahuna who will teach native magic to whites. In fact, Hawaiians are afraid to study with him. He is breaking the ancient tabus by revealing the secret powers of the Gods to strangers. They resent this and also fear the bad luck it might bring.

Hawaiians don't realize that the secrets of their Pagan magic have been discovered by students of the occult in other races and nations of the earth. In modern times many of these secrets -- the techniques at least -- have been put into print and are avail-

able. Take this illustration from Vera Stanley Alder's wonderful book, "The Finding of the Third Eye" (Rider & Co., London).



The Sun is the giver of life and so Miss Alder shows the Heart as the most important force center in the body. From the standpoint of health it certainly is! Any healer who ignores this fact is handicapped from the start. The Healing Gods of any pantheon, Pagan or Christian, are Sun Gods, including the Christ. The Heart is His symbol and center in the body. There are 12 healing rays, one for each Sign of the Zodiac, and they radiate out from the Heart or Anahata center, one for each petal of the Rose -- or Lotus blossom. The other six glands or force centers along the spine are important in healing also, but the technique of their cleansing and balancing has so far been reserved for those students of the Mysteries who have pierced the Veil. This instruction is a part of initiation. Apollonius of Tyana learned it when

he took initiations at Mystery Schools in his day in Asia Minor, Egypt and India, when Spiritual Healing was an active and honored part of religion.

PHYSICAL PROOF OF SPIRIT ENERGIES

Our next slide is a picture of special electronic equipment developed by BSR Associate Ed Skilling and demonstrated at one of our borderland conventions. You see here a subject standing before a dish antenna about 18 inches in diameter. This picks up some kind of radiant energy coming from the solar plexus, concentrates it into the receiver-amplifier circuit, and there it registers as an electrical charge on a micro-volt meter.

When the subject is belly-up to the antenna the radiant energy registers strongly on the scale, different for each person. As he backs away the needle gradually falls back down to zero, usually when the subject is between four and seven feet from the equipment.

Is this the healing energy released into the patient during the laying-on-of-hands? We don't know yet. It is going to take a long time to isolate and identify scientifically the different energies radiating from the human body. Meanwhile we have the general categories identified and named by occult science. We start from solid physical matter, which we know, and go up the scale of tangibility toward pure energy or spirit.

THE PHYSICAL-ETHERIC WORLD

Heindel-Rosicrucian

1. Reflecting Ether
2. Light Ether
3. Life Ether
4. Chemical Ether
5. Gases
6. Liquids
7. Solids

Theosophy

1. Atomic
2. Sub-Atomic
3. Super-Etheric
4. Etheric
5. Gases
6. Liquids
7. Solids

Manly Hall

1. Mental or Intellectual Ether
2. Emotional or Psychological Ether
3. Functional or Vital Ether
4. Physical or Chemical Ether
5. Gases
6. Liquids
7. Solids

Theoretical physicists, looking over the above, can have a great time trying to decide just which sub-atomic particles correspond to the etheric sub-levels of physical matter. This we can say for sure: The 3-D physical world ends with the molecules of the gases. The location and behavior of molecules can be predicted in space and time. Molecules are made up of aggregations of thousands of atoms. But, as physicist Werner Heisenberg woefully admitted in 1934, single atoms are so fluid in nature that the location and behavior cannot be predicted in a 3-D space-time

frame. The very act of looking at a single atom changes its behavior and location. If it were not so, Spiritual Healing and psychic surgery would be impossible!

THE ALL-IMPORTANT ETHERS

So, the existence of these subtle sub-levels of physical matter must be taken into account, as a bridge between mind or Spirit and body. This bridge is called the Aka thread or Aka cord by the Hawaiian Kahuna.

Going on up the scale of tangibility from the topmost or Reflecting Ether there would be next the emotions, then concrete and abstract mind, and finally concrete and abstract spirit. We go up the scale toward pure energy, down the scale toward solid matter.

Science now recognizes matter in the fourth state. This next level above molecular gases is the lowest sub-level of the Ethers. Science calls it Plasma. A German scientist named Schlieren developed a special camera years ago for photographing this ether. His concern was to photograph the shock-wave coming off the nose cone of a rocket traveling at super-sonic velocities, or a bullet after it is fired.

When the Schlieren camera is turned on the flame of a Bunsen burner in the laboratory, hitherto unsuspected, beautiful, sensuous figures are revealed in the swirling chemical ethers released. When this striking picture was released in "Life" magazine years ago it was titled "Ectoplasmic Nude". The Schlieren camera enables you to look into the 4th Dimension, through the Veil, into another world. Note the suggestion of a beautiful woman's face at the top of the figure. Was this the little fire spirit associated with the flame?

Now we show the precipitated image of an elemental. Etheric or Aka energy has to be used to affect the photographic paper. The nose, ears, eyes, forehead and hair of this sub-human creature, present at a seance in St. Paul, Minnesota in 1943. No camera was used for this. Such a picture is called a Skotograph. The image is impressed on the photographic paper by mental power, acting through etheric energy. At that same seance an image of a Jewish rabbi was obtained, also, with his prominent nose, turban and beard.

This is an interesting experiment for you to make in psychic research, to find if your spirit friends can precipitate images of themselves on sensitive paper. What are we leading up to? The idea of spirit doctors which I broached earlier. This would be a way of identifying the spirit controls who are doing the operating through the entranced medium.

I am thinking now of Dr. William Lang, a noted London eye-specialist who died in 1938. He is now carrying on his practice through medium George Chapman at Aylesbury Clinic, 40 miles north-

west of London and has been since 1952. In that time thousands of successful psychic surgery operations have been performed on sick people, with lasting benefits to most of them.

CORRECTING THE ETHERIC DOUBLE

Chapman is in trance for six hours while Dr. Lang takes over his body and does the surgery. The physical body is not opened and blood spattered around the room -- as Tony Agpaoa does. Apparently the English don't need this kind of spectacular performance to convince them that something beneficial is being done. Dr. Lang, in talking to his patients, makes it very clear that he is operating on what he calls the Spirit Body, and what we call the Aka body or Etheric Double. This is an exact duplicate of the physical but of finer, normally invisible matter. Cure the difficulty in the Etheric Double, says Dr. Lang, and the physical healing must follow as a matter of course.

George Chapman, the medium, in his mid-forties, is beardless and doesn't need glasses. Sensitive people who come to the clinic for help see Dr. Lang, elderly, stooped, bearded and wearing glasses. George Chapman's vital or etheric body is converted into the image of the controlling spirit, Dr. Lang. If sensitive people have seen similar changes in Tony Agpaoa and Dr. Decker, I haven't heard of it. Of course Tony and Decker don't go into complete trance as does Chapman.

Now for a photographic look at Aka, or ectoplasm, or etheric matter. This is the vitality of the body drawn out into tangible form by controlling spirits. Our photographic subject is Iona Brandt, materialising medium who lived in Rochester, New York where these photos were taken in 1948. I understand the cameramen were technicians of the Eastman Kodak Company. They were eager to try out the new infra-red film and infra-red flashbulbs. First we see the medium in the "cabinet", with the curtains held aside by two of the sitters. She is slumped over in trance and already a thin thread of ectoplasm has been drawn from her solar plexus and is descending across her lap and to the floor. Next we see that quite a bit more of the vitality of the medium has been pulled out to pile up on the floor before her, for the use of the spirits who want to materialize.

We notice that some of the sitters are not looking at this. They can't see it anyhow as the room is in almost total darkness. They couldn't see it if the lights were on because it is invisible etheric matter. But infra-red film has a greater range of sensitivity than the human eye; so it can register normally invisible forms of energy. The infra-red flash light used is invisible to normal sight also!

In the third picture the sitters have been instructed to allow the cabinet curtains to fall back in place, leaving the pile of ectoplasm on the floor out in front. The curtains and the cabinet protect the exposed body of the medium from harmful

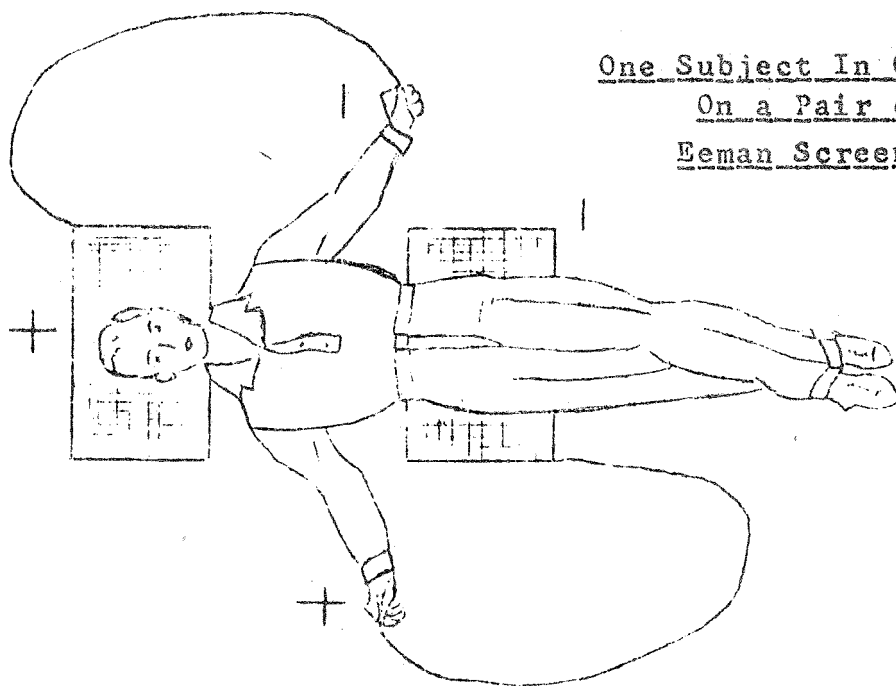
vibrations. She's out cold. In shock. Now if you are involved in an auto accident out on the highway, and are lying there on the pavement in shock, with blood running, your vitality is oozing out across the pavement, too. If you lose too much of it and it cant be somehow pushed back into your body, you die. This same danger threatens the materializing medium in trance. It is up to her controls to protect her and to see to it that her vitality gets back in when the session is over. Even so it's a great strain on the system and materializing mediums suffer for it.

Finally, we have a picture of a lady from the spirit world. She drew that pile of borrowed vitality up into the semblance of the body she had while living in the flesh. How? By sheer desire to speak and to be seen again by the here-living. As it happened, she was a stranger to all in the group there in Rochester that night.

This is how it's done. This is the best series of pictures on materializations I've ever seen. They tell the story. They were printed in the book "Nathaniel", by Rochester H. Rogers, and issued by Christopher Publishing House, Boston, 1950, \$2.00.

PRAGMATIC PROOF OF MANA

You can prove the existence of this vitality, this mana, this prana by the use of Eeman Screens; for your vitality, your ectoplasm, has polarity. It flows, from positive to negative, just like electric current. Is this the Animal Magnetism of Dr. Mesmer in Vienna in the 18th Century, or the Odic Force of Baron von Reichenbach in Germany in the 19th Century? Probably.



One Subject In Circuit
On a Pair of
Eeman Screens

Note that the screen under the negative area of the lower spine has a wire leading from one corner to a metal handle in the positive right hand. There is another screen under the positive head area with an insulated copper wire leading to a metal handle held in the negative left hand. This is standard electrical circuitry. The feet are crossed to close that part of the circuit.

In testing thousands of people over a period of many years, Englishman L.E. Eeman proved that different parts of the body are positive and negative in relation to each other and current can be induced to flow between them. Is it electrical current? No, not as the engineer knows electricity, the measurable kind, flowing along metal wires. Perhaps it's the "skin effect" of electrostatic energy, or something even higher yet!

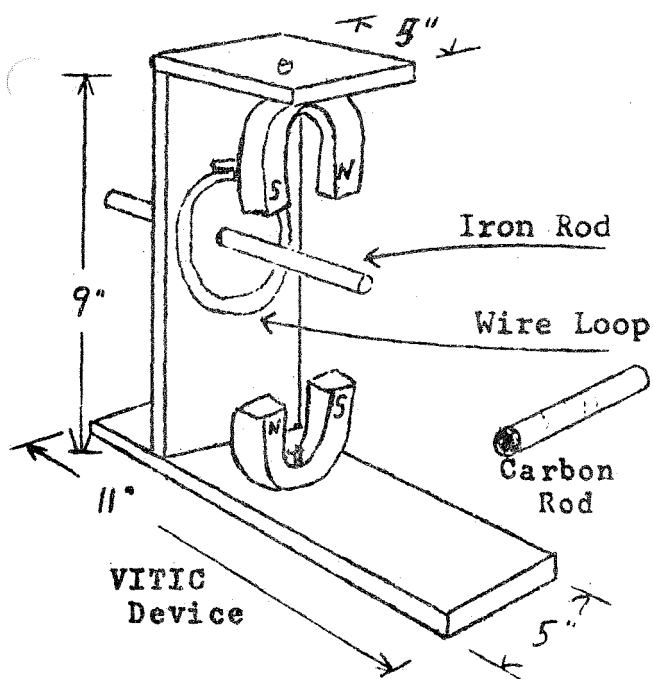
Anyhow, it works. Eeeman gives many cases of painful, unbalanced physical condition brought into balance and health by a person simply lying on the screens for a half hour or so and taking a nap. Apparently these external circuits go around buried complexes in the subconscious and re-establish the circulation of blocked vitality or mana. Any metal screen will do, copper, bronze, Monel, aluminum, black iron wire.

We make ours at \$7.50 a pair, of high-quality bronze, for those Associates and friends who don't feel like making their own for experiment. Eeman's book, long out of print, is titled "Cooperative Healing". We have a brochure on his theories, experiments and results, BSRA No. 26, 24 pages, illustrated, \$1.50 a copy plus tax.

THE AGES-OLD SECRET OF VITIC

You can get extra energy or vitality from magnets. This idea is thousands of years old, but usually known only to the priests and royalty. In Egyptian museums you'll see statues of priests and Pharaohs holding rods in their hands, the Rods of Power. Back in the early 1920s a British engineer finally discovered that one rod held by the ancient Egyptian was magnetic iron or iron ore. The other rod was carbon or hard coal. When you pick these up you are in circuit with the magnet and the energy of the magnetic field is drawn into the nervous system through the hands. In occult science the magnet represents the Moon and the carbon the Sun.

Here is another source of quick, cheap mana, prana, Odic force, or vitality. I use it myself. The history and use of Vitic is described in our BSRA brochure No. 11, illustrated, \$1.50. For those who cannot build a Vitic device for themselves, we'll put one together in kit form so you can easily assemble it at home and try it out, for \$40.00, plus tax and postage. Our Vitic device is more sophisticated than the simple rods of the Egyptians because we have powerful Alnico horseshoe magnets nowadays. An efficient way of using them was given us by the spirit of Dr. Anton Mesmer. He came through a trance medium in Pomona, California in 1960 and suggested this arrangement of horseshoe magnets, mounted so they



pull toward each other, but separated enough so one hand can be placed between them, in the center of their vortex, on an unmagnetized iron rod. The carbon rod is held in the other hand.

A heavy, insulated copper wire loop is mounted at right angles to the iron rod. The ends do not touch but overlap. This makes it a one-loop coil and, according to Mesmer, creates a pulsating, directional, magnetic field. To clairvoyant sight, this field disappears into the body when a hand grasps the iron rod, especially when the carbon rod is held in the other hand. Sometimes pain in the body disappears when a person is in circuit this way.

JOE PYNE WITNESSES SPIRITUAL HEALING

There was an amusing thing occurred on the Joe Pyne TV show a few months ago. Dr. Nelson Decker was on the program for an interview about psychic surgery and healing. Joe was very critical and skeptical, of course. A few nights later the subject of Spiritual Healing came up again. This time the Rev. Herb Blackschleger was there. His address is PO Box 188, Sun Valley, Cal. 91352. As minister of the Church of Rejuvenation he claims to be able to do healing; so Joe Pyne asked for volunteers. Lo and behold, Joe's producer, Hal Perets, came out. I've met Hal, by the way, and have been on Joe's radio program twice.

Hal said he was scheduled to go in to surgery the following Monday, to have an obstruction removed in his nose. He had had difficulty breathing through his nose for some time.

"I'll see if I cant heal it for you," replied Herb with full confidence.

There they stood in front of the cameras while the minister made some passes over Hal's nose. Then Perets spoke up in amazement.

"I can breathe through my nose! All of a sudden it's open!"

Joe Pyne couldn't believe it but what could he do but admit that it happened. He couldn't very well accuse his own producer of participating in a fraud! But no real cure was affected because no attempt was made to find the real cause of the trouble and reveal it to Hal, so he could voluntarily change the behavior pattern which caused the blockage in the first place. All Black-

schleger did was to treat symptoms, as the doctor does with surgery and drugs.

WHITE OR BLACK MAGIC?

This was illustrated three weeks later when the Reverend Herb was again on the show and again Hal Perets came out with a blocked nose. Again the healer made passes over Hal's face and there was a freeing of the nasal passages. But this time there was opposition from the audience.

"This is the work of the devil!" shouted a religious fanatic.

We wouldn't go so far as to make such an accusation but it does pose a moral question, doesn't it? How far can a healer go in imposing his will on the patient before he has crossed that invisible dividing line between white and black magic? You can say, of course, that as long as the sufferer has asked for help the healer or doctor is free to proceed with his treatment, whatever it is, spiritual or physical. But then we proceed to an even more important question: Does the patient really want to be cured or does he only want freedom from pain?

This is the first question I ask anyone who comes to me for Spiritual Healing. A few probing questions reveal that most people are ignorant of the true cause of disease -- their own conscious or subconscious wilful misbehavior -- and when this is revealed to them few have the desire or will power to change their way of living, so that a real cure can be effected.

To go back to the principles of healing enunciated by the Hawaiian Kahuna (page 28) can you or are you willing to forgive yourself and forgive others? Until such a "redemption" is accomplished within you, in regard to a particular disease or ailment, no real cure is possible. In religious terms, efforts to impose a surface "cure" from without is "the work of the devil". Pain is the teacher and the pupil is failing the lesson.

Now to answer questions from the audience, on the material so far presented.

How long must the feet be crossed?

I suppose you mean in the Eeman circuit? As long as you are lying on the screens. You can use them sitting in an easy chair if you like, and the lower screen can be placed on the floor under the feet. Some have experimented this way when they had an unbalanced condition in the legs and wanted relief there.

If we have spiritual healing power within us, why are such things as Eeman Screens necessary?

Physical gadgets are necessary to help convince our doubting

lower selves that something is being done!

How does one forgive one's self for a sense of guilt?

Wow, that's the \$64 thousand dollar question!

Do you have a screen for that? (Laughter from the audience.)

No, we don't because this is a personal problem which must be settled between your three selves, the subconscious, conscious and superconscious; for which the Hawaiian terms are Unihipili (subconscious), Uthane (conscious), and Aumakua (superconscious). A spiritual counselor may help you by holding up a mirror, so to speak, in which you can see yourself as you really are; but you have to courageously face the guilt complex so long buried within you. You have to admit its temporary reality. You have to release the emotional charge locked up in it by reliving the experience again, violent, or painful, or embarrassing as it might have been.

There are many wonderful passages in the Bible designed to help you do this very thing. The most popular, of course, is the Lord's Prayer. When you pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Aren't you asking that heavenly harmony replace your earthly mental and emotional chaos? And you ask for forgiveness when you say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." How long has it been since you've said that with all your might and with all your heart?

SAYING, OR PAYING, PENANCE

In his book "Secret Science Behind Miracles", Max Freedom Long throws light on our inborn guilt feelings in his story of the disposal of his photographic business in Honolulu. It was in the midst of the great depression of the early 1930s. He had sell because he wanted to leave the islands and return to the mainland. But who would buy, or had the money to buy in those times?

He went to a Kahuna for help. This one was expert in what the Hawaiians call "make luck" business. She could look into the future and suggest ways in which her client might change his ways, and thus change the course of events more in his favor.

She told Max that he was the kind of a person who felt guilty if life handed him a favor without his having paid for it in some way. So it was suggested that to win the favor of the Gods, he make a substantial gift of some kind to some charity, to an organization from which he would expect nothing in return. If he did this his conscience would be satisfied that he deserved divine help in this particular instance. Max made a cash donation to the Salvation Army in Honolulu.

In his next visit to the Kahuna, her vision showed her that the door was open. He had won the attention and the favor of the Gods. To his amazement, she told him that the best customer for

his photo shop was his competitor!

"This man cannot be pushed. He likes time to think things over by himself. Decide on what you believe is a fair price for your business. Write it out simply on a piece of paper. You should approach him when he is alone. Lay your proposition before him. Then leave him to think it over by himself."

This wasn't a course of procedure Max would have chosen but he decided to follow her advice. She even looked into the future and picked the morning when Max's competitor would be alone in his shop, at his desk, and receptive.

Max followed this "made luck" procedure as suggested and it worked. On the day specified his competitor was alone in his shop when Max came in. He layed his proposition before the man, asked him to think it over, and walked out. The competitor did buy at Max's fair price and our Kahuna-researcher was free to return to the mainland to write of his findings in Hawaii.

57 VARIETIES OF KAHUNAS

In Hawaii in the old days you could get a Kahuna for almost anything you wanted done, including murdering your enemies. But you had to be able to convince the Kahuna Ana-Ana that your prospective victim deserved to be killed. In this respect Hawaiian priests were no different from Christian priests here in America or Buddhist priests in the Orient. You can always find one who has his price.

"There is a saying, if you live by the sword you die by the sword," observed a member of the audience. "What happens to those who use this power to kill others?"

"You've answered your own question, lady," replied Crabb.

"If they have all this power," she continued, "why couldn't they use it to perfect themselves instead of hurting others?"

"Because there is a higher law that allows us freedom of choice in using our Divine powers. A priest who uses his powers for selfish purposes -- chooses the Left Hand Path of the Black Magician -- may come back with all that power taken from him; and he has to start all over again, with no knowledge of what he was, and go through the hell of other selfish people abusing, swindling and murdering him.

"On this same principle of Action and Reaction I can see nothing but trouble ahead here in America for years, because of what we are doing and have been doing in Vietnam. In the Bible, God says: 'Be ye not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' And this applies to nations as well as to individuals. In Vietnam we've sown the wind. Sooner or later we must reap the whirlwind. Nations need cleansing and

forgiveness or redemption from feelings of guilt, just as do individuals. But I'm not sure just how a nation redeems itself, unless another Jesus Christ, another Savior comes along. But to accept such a Redeemer requires true humility and America hasn't shown any signs of that yet. I would guess that if we are to be saved from our national illnesses it will take another national savior, like Lincoln and perhaps Kennedy, or Gandhi in India, to abreact and sublimate much of our evil past."

"SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND MIRACLES"

"You have referred several times to Max Freedom Long and his writings on Hawaii. Where can one obtain them?"

(Before his death in 1971 Mr. Long sold his book publishing business to DeVorss & Co., 1641 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica, California 90404. Write them for list and current prices.)

"Does Mr. Long do any healing himself?"

"Yes, he has been doing telepathic healing for years, at least once every day. If you want to be on his prayer list. Send him your name. He doesn't do ritual and chanting of the kind I demonstrated here, however. He does have a book on 'Psychometric Analysis'. This is about the use of the pendulum in probing character and hidden conditions of the subconscious and superconscious."

"Has Mr. Long developed this theory of the low, middle and high selves in the treating of disease?"

"No, I wouldn't say that he has. His role is primarily that of a teacher. He's not a pagan magician, doing spectacular healings like Tony Agpaoa."

"What do you mean by the term Pagan?"

"Just as a general term for non-Christians. I certainly don't mean it in a derogatory sense. I think of a Pagan healer as being out of or from a Stone Age type culture who draws on the natural earth forces for his healing power. He doesn't have the mental blocks we do, from over-education; so his power comes naturally to him, flows through him unimpeded. It is easy for a Pagan healer to be 'as a little child'. The primitive conditions are not for us. I don't believe anyone in this audience would want to open up someone's body and splash blood around the room as Tony does. It doesn't appeal to us. We just don't do things that way. As the Hawaiian Kahuna said, 'You white people will work a higher aspect of the Law than we did.' For us to work in pagan ways is an atavism, returning to an earlier time. This is retrogression and not necessary. We add another level of consciousness to what the Pagan magician has. We add mental

comprehension. We must know why a healing takes place; where the healing energies come from; how they are directed; and who is assisting us from the Inner Planes. When Tony says the healing power comes from the Holy Spirit, that doesn't satisfy me!

"And we, as Christians, should also add the leavening love of the Christ -- to serve for the sake of Service, with no thought of reward or self-glorification."

WHAT IS OUR DETERMINATION? PEACE, OR WORLD WAR III?

"Is Dr. Decker going to bring Tony Agpaoa to America?"

"He wants to. In fact, several promoters here in the States would like to exploit Tony and his powers. But if the medical authorities get wind of it, they'll surely try to stop his coming here. I believe just recently (August 1966) Drs. Decker and Jensen took a plane-load of people over there for treatment.

"For a person who has a guilt complex this may be a good thing. He digs deep into his pocket for the thousand dollar round trip air fare and expenses in Manila, and makes that long, long pilgrimage of thousands of miles across the Pacific. This kind of effort, risk and expense may satisfy his conscience that he has paid for past mis-doing, and so Tony may accomplish a spectacular cure with one operation. But you don't need to go to the Philippines for psychic surgery. There are healers just as good here in the United States -- if you can find them!"

"A little bit ago, Mr. Crabb, you mentioned the Vietnam situation and that we would need another Jesus Christ to resolve it. Wouldn't it be the Christ power in the thoughts of people? If they all used it throughout the world, we wouldn't have the Vietnam situation, would we?"

"That's right. That's a very good observation -- if we used our Christ power in positive ways. If enough Americans prayed for peace, sincerely, and others also in the world, we might have it. It is a fact, though, according to the latest public opinion polls by Gallup, Harris and others, that the majority of the people in this country are for the war in Vietnam. Congress certainly is. President Johnson has all the support he needs from our elected representatives, and more. The Cardinals and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church are back of him 100%. So, as far as these people are concerned, we are headed for World War III in a holy war against Communist China."

"It's because of the personality of the President," observed a lady. "The people go along with him."

"Yes, you know what the situation is. We can only change it by electing another president who has taken a strong public stand against present policy -- perhaps someone like your Governor Hatfield of Oregon."

There was laughter from the Portland audience, groans of protest from some, applause from others. I had to laugh, too.

"Is there any way the medical profession will recognize this spiritual power or whatever it is? Is there any sign of a breakthrough?"

"No," I replied, "not until there is a great revolution here in the United States, a revolution in consciousness. When it occurs -- and the present space race is helping to create such a revolution -- some of our honored institutions will go down. One of them, no doubt, will be the American Medical Association. I'll be glad of it, as long as we don't suffer too much."

THE POSSIBILITY OF ORGAN TRANSPLANTS

"What about replacing amputated limbs and diseased organs," asked a lady. "Can Tony or Brother Terte do that?"

"Not yet, so Dr. Decker said. He did say that Tony looks forward to the time when he can have a supply of limbs and organs in cold storage, from which he can draw whatever is necessary when a replacement is indicated. Tony doesn't believe he can materialize an arm or a leg or whatever."

"Aren't there some Spiritual Healers who could materialize a new part for a body?"

"I suppose some healers could," replied Crabb, "But I would say this. If you could get to an adept or a Master who had the power to materialize a hand or a leg for you, you would have to convince him that it would be worth his while to do it. This might take some convincing."

"In the first place," observed a gentleman, "the fact that you lost the limb shows that you didn't want it."

"This reminds me of the experience of Spiritual Healer Bill Cassiere, an I Am leader of Chicago years ago. A man was brought to Bill with a broken finger. Bill layed his hands over the affected area, prayed in his dynamic fashion, and there was an instantaneous healing, a seeming miracle, to Bill's surprise, too. The patient went away happy but he was back within a week. This time he had a broken arm!

"And this time Bill refused to help the man. 'If I heal your arm your next accident will be a broken neck! And I don't want to be responsible for that!' The man hadn't learned anything from that broken finger. He hadn't suffered enough. Maybe he had to slow down and this was the only way his Higher Self, his Aumakua, could do it."

"It's getting late and I'd like to close the talk with a reading, set to some nice background music from my tape recorder."

Also, the lady here asked about forgiveness. I believe that healing has to begin with the Christ-consciousness in you, your own soul or Higher Self. The one I like is Revelations 3:20. Those of you who know it can say it with me.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me."

"If you really want healing, here is a daily affirmation which can lead you to it. I have one more to give, which I believe is even more powerful, the Invocation to the Flame. This is from the old book, 'The Comte de Gabalis' by Abbe de Villars, published in Paris in 1670 and in London by Rider in 1911.

INVOCATION TO THE FLAME

"I call upon Thee, O living God, radiant with illuminating fire. O unseen parent of the Sun, pour forth Thy life-giving power and energize the Divine spark. Enter into this flame and let it be agitated by the breaths of Thy Holy Spirit. Manifest Thy power and open for me the Temple of Almighty God which is within this Fire. Manifest Thy Light for my regeneration. And let the breadth, the height, the fulness and the crown of the Solar radiance appear, and may the God within shine forth."

(Continued from page 29-30 Appendix)

"A Frenchman, a surgeon named 'Gilbert Pierre' is l'aked with Dr. Fritz. He performs all eye operations. And a Japanese doctor, 'Takahashi', attends to the tumors.

"I don't know how it is," says Arigo, "that I have been chosen to be the means for Dr. Fritz and the other two to practice medicine for them.

"I was brought up a good Roman Catholic, and I was taught that spiritualism is the art of the Devil. But still I cannot help it -- these men come to me and take over my body."

Arigo, the father of six boys, led a simple life before becoming Brazil's most famous healer. He says that until he married he had no girlfriends and had never experienced sexual intercourse.

"Because I was contented with things as they were," he told MIDNIGHT, "I was always completely free of vice.

Shortly after being told by a religious beggar that he had a calling in life to cure the sick, Arigo began suffering from fainting spells and comas. One night he was in a coma when he sat upright and saw a fat bald German standing by his bed. Dr. Fritz had arrived to take control.

For more than 30 years since then Arigo has been curing the sick and dying. Each month thousands have flocked from throughout South America to see him. Nearly 20 years ago the late Pope Pius XII sent him a silver casket inscribed with a message of appreciation for his work to relieve suffering.

Recently, however, the Brazilian government put a stop to Arigo's activities by charging him with practicing medicine illegally. There were months of legal argument before the sentence of 18 months in jail was confirmed.

Now as Jose Arigo starts to serve his sentence, thousands of the faithful are waiting to see miraculous proof of his honesty. For a while the legal arguments raged about him, Arigo announced that Dr. Fritz had come to him with a message.

The ghost of the dead German doctor said: "I will materialize and operate in public if Arigo goes to jail."

Arigo -- and the faithful -- are waiting. . .

**MIDNIGHT -- Page 13
January 2, 1967**



Above right, Dr. Gilbert Pierre, occupying and controlling the entranced body of Jose Arigo performs an eye operation on a Brazilian. No anesthetic is given. There is none of the pre-preparation which necessarily characterizes modern surgery. Yet there is no pain felt by the patient. There is no infection. There is no lengthy post-operative recovery period because of drugs, shock, loss of blood, etc., all of which leaves the observing orthodox physician or surgeon in a state of shock and disbelief. These procedures were a great shock to Arigo when he saw color motion-picture films of the psychic surgery through him. Arigo fainted dead away!

The medium had premonitions of his coming death in the fall of 1970, and said so to friends. Later, while in trance, Dr. Fritz named the date of Arigo's coming transition -- in January 1971 as we recall -- and sure enough, on the predicted date he experienced rebirth into the spiritual world. The Fritz-Arigo ministry of healing was over.

We feel sure that teams of spirit doctors are working through the Espiritistas, Brother Terte and through Tony Aspaoa, though this may never be acknowledge publicly.

DR. FRITZ GIVES THE MIRACLE OF SIGHT

By David St.Clair
From His Book, "Drum & Candle"

Testimonies from hundreds of patients have filled Brazilian magazine articles and books about this spirit healer. He has been persecuted by the Roman Catholic Church, which has called him a "heretic" and accused him of being in "league with the devil". Police, acting under orders of local padres and bishops, have invaded his home several times looking for reasons to stop Arigo's practice. Once someone (whispers say it was a group of local doctors) hired a thug to beat him up. He was condemned to two and a half years in prison by a municipal court for practicing medicine without a license but was pardoned by then President Kubitschek, who (say the whispers) had asked Arigo to operate successfully on one of his daughters.

Even his spirit medium, "Dr. Fritz", has been interviewed by the press and by visiting medical men. An investigating team from Berlin watched Arigo in action and conversed with Dr. Fritz in perfect German all during the operation. Dr. Fritz identified himself as a German surgeon who was killed in the First World War and said that he is often aided in these operations by Dr. Gilbe Pierre, a Frenchman who specialized in ophthalmology when he was alive, and by a Japanese specialist named Takahasi, who does the tumors.

They work with the spirit of Friar Fabiano de Cristo, who when he lived was famed for his charity, and who sterilizes the instruments and anesthetizes the patients with a paranormal "green light". Often spectators to Arigo's operations (and there have been literally thousands of witnesses) have heard Dr. Fritz's voice call out for "more green light" and those sitting here the operating table have lost conscious immediately. . . . One medical man even took a film of Arigo in action showing him operating on a giant cyst and stopping the hemorrhaging by merely saying, "Let there be no blood, Lord."

Catholic persecution and outright ostracism made Arigo abandon Mass and convert completely to Spiritism. It was a difficult thing to do, because of his traditional upbringing, but it was a natural consequence of his association with Dr. Fritz. Arigo refuses to accept money for his operations (and one grateful husband offered him \$50,000 when his wife was cured of a "hopeless" cancer) but does accept contributions for his spirit center and hospital called Jesus Nazarene.

It was at this hospital that I arrived one morning, accompanied by an American newsman who was a "materialist and I don't believe in ghosts and spirits" kind of person. Hard-headed, he had filed stories from Paris, Moscow and Vietnam. I was asked to help him interview Arigo and translate for him. (When I worked for "Time" and wanted to do the story of Arigo they turned it down, saying that they had no place for witch doctors on the medicine page.)

The ground around the small clinic was covered with people most of them poorly dressed and almost all of them with lumps on their faces and arms, bandages around their heads or patches over their eyes. There were those who walked with crutches and others in crude wheelchairs. There were also three women in a brand-new Cadillac who covered their faces with their purses when we passed by.

I managed to squirm my way through the crowd and got to the front door with the Ace Foreign Correspondent in tow. A very charming girl stopped me at the door, and when I explained who I was and why I was there, she let us pass. We walked a few steps and then right into the operating room. It wasn't like any operating room I had ever seen before. Granted, the walls were painted white, but that was the only concession to normality. It was about forty-five feet square and had a wooden bed against the left wall. There was a straw mattress and a pillow on the bed. A large window let in plenty of sunlight and a Coleman lantern hung overhead for illumination at night. There was an old door in the middle of the room, upon wooden carpenter's horses. Beside it was a small table with a tin can. Inside the can there were several kitchen knives, a scalpel, a pair of tweezers and a pair of scissors. There were also some twenty people standing or crouched around the walls.

Arigo came striding into the room and smiled at us. The Ace Foreign Correspondent wanted to be introduced immediately, but I held him back. In Brazil you have to "sense" the right time for doing things.

The famed healer, dressed in a pair of dark trousers and a light blue sport shirt, seemed heavier than in his photos. He was dark-complexioned, almost Italian, with dark, short-cropped hair and short bristle moustache. He needed a shave and also looked as if he could use some sleep. I had heard that he was working from day-break to way past midnight every day and managed to get a few hour's sleep only when his wife insisted that he stop for the night.

He walked to the group of patients and stared at each of them in turn. He merely glanced at me and the newspaper man, but he stopped and pointed to a woman beside me. "You don't

need an operation," he said quickly. His Portuguese came out heavily accented in German. If it hadn't been for that, I would never have known that he was at that moment possessed by the spirit of Dr. Fritz.

"But doctor, you dont know my problem," the woman began.

"Your problem is your spinal column! You cant sleep at night and often half your body seems to be numb. Here" -- and he wrote rapidly on a pad of paper, tore off the page and handed it to the woman -- "take these medicines. And stop drinking so much coffee! The caffeine only aggravates your condition!" Then he moved on to the next person.

"You, in the yellow shirt!" A man stepped from the rear of the crowd. "Come over here!" He followed Arigo to the horizontal door and climbed onto it when he was ordered.

"My God!" whispered the Ace Correspondent, "that piece of junk is his operating table!" Somebody behind us said, "Shhh!"

Arigo grabbed the man's arm and turned it over, palm up. We could all see a lump the size of a lime under the skin of his upper arm. Arigo reached for a scalpel from the tin can, but instead of making an incision, he merely rubbed the blade over the skin. The tissues parted -- but without shedding a drop of blood -- and Arigo squeezed with his fingers. There was a slight "pop" as the fatty tissue (lipoma) came out whole. Then he passed a piece of ordinary cotton over the wound and told the man to go home. The man stared at the place where the tumor had been and broke into a big smile. We all just stared. No scar, no pain, no more tumor. He started to say something to Arigo, but the healer just pointed rudely toward the door. The man left smiling and incredulous.

A woman went through the same sort of thing, only this time the tumor was in the middle of her back. We saw it all, and she immediately left the room with no scars or pain.

Ace Foreign Correspondent turned to me and whispered, "Must be some kind of trick. I remember once seeing a medicine man in Indonesia. . . ." But Arigo had chosen a teen-age boy from the group and was leading him toward the operating table/door. He had to lead him, I noticed, for the boy was blind. He helped him onto the table and told him not to be afraid. The boy said he wasn't afraid. "Fine," said Dr. Fritz, "you just relax."

Then Arigo grabbed a kitchen knife and jabbed it right into the boy's right eye. With brusque and even violent movements, he pried the eye out of the socket until it was resting

in his hand. A little bit of blood came out of the empty hole but Dr. Fritz mumbled something and the blood stopped. He reached for a scalpel and gouged at something on the back of the eyeball and stuffed it back into the socket. The boy did not cry out, did not try to push Arigo's hands away. He just sat there quietly and let himself be attacked. Then the other eye was pried loose and hung for a moment on his cheek while Dr. Fritz sliced away at the rear of the eyeball. Then it too was shoved back in place. Then he patted the boy on the arm and told him to leave.

The boy got off the table and stood uneasily for a minute or two. Then he shut his eyes with all his might and opened them again. He gazed around the room in wonderment. Then he put his hands up to his face and looked at them, each in turn. A woman who had been in a far corner began to cry, came and put her arms around him. He also began to cry as he looked into his mother's face for the first time in his life.

I felt tears running down my own cheeks, and not wanting to appear ridiculous in front of Ace Foreign Correspondent, I turned to him ready with some sophisticated, sarcastic remark, but he wasn't there. He was hanging out a side window throwing up the scrambled eggs and coffee he had had for breakfast.

* * *

INITIATION

Dr. Nelson Decker received an initiation while studying Psychic Surgery with Brother Terte in Baguio City, but he preferred to leave this out of his public talk. It was a spiritual experience, out of the body. He was asked to lie down on the floor in the midst of Terte's healing circle. They all chanted, "Go to sleep! Go to sleep!" at him, until he finally did go into trance. Next he knew he was standing before a marble temple. Steps lead up to huge temple doors of marble. He climbed the steps, pushed the doors open with considerable effort and stepped inside. There stood a tall, bearded man, robed in white. He handed Decker a scroll. The would-be psychic surgeon opened the scroll and read aloud a dedication to the unselfish service of healing the illnesses of mankind.

That over, he returned the scroll to the bearded patriarch, went back through the temple doors, down the steps -- and awoke in his body, to recount his vision to the Terte group. They laughed and cheered with great excitement. He had been accepted by St. Peter, their patron saint. He was also surprised to learn that his story was confirmed by another member of the group, who had been sent along to check on Decker's accuracy!

BSRF No. 2 - M: THREE GREAT AQUARIAN AGE HEALERS - In his second talk on Psychic Surgery, the BSRFoundation Director examines the outstanding work of Dr. Wm. Lang, who died in 1938 in London. The good doctor now carries on his practice at Aylesbury clinic through medium George Chapman. Here we have the answers posed by the experiences of Tony Agpaoa, Arigo and Dr. Decker; for Dr. Lang freely describes how a spirit doctor gets his training and carries on his work through a physical medium! In the second section Mr. Crabb analyzes New Age Color Therapy developed by Drs. Pancoast and White, and explains the basic Kabalistic principles on which all successful color therapy must be established: Balance and Rhythm between complimentary colors. This book of over 60 pages is illustrated with pictures of the doctors and with technical drawings, including the construction of a simple Duo-Rhythm color machine along the lines developed by Dr. White in Los Angeles in the 1920s after hundreds of tests on living subjects. He healed them! \$2.50

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BSRF NO. 11: MAGNETIC VITALITY or VITIC (which describes in full the nerve-charging device shown on page 39 of "Psychic Surgery") The use of carbon and magnet for therapy and for revitalizing the nerves was known to the ancient priesthoods of Egypt, China, Tibet and India. It was uncovered by the Egyptian researchers of English engineer A.E. Baines in the 1920s. Count Walewski received similar information from Adepts in the Caucasus mountains in the early 1900s; but the present arrangement of two Alnico magnets pulling toward each other, with one hand between them on an iron rod, came from Dr. Anton Mesmer through a medium in Pomona, California in 1960! The Carbon represents the Sun. The Magnets represent the Moon. Hold them in your hands and you are in circuit between "sun" and "moon", 38 pages. . \$1.50

Kit of one magnet and one carbon rod. \$7.00

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BSRF NO. 26: EEMAN SCREENS, the BALANCING CIRCUITS . . \$1.50

THE JOURNAL OF BORDERLAND RESEARCH

BSRF No. 1 Published by Borderland Sciences Research Foundation, Inc., PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083 USA. Edited by the Director, Riley Hansard Crabb, Doctor of Metaphysics in the Society of St. Luke the Physician.

The Journal is published six issues a year with the assistance of the Associates, at the Director's home, 1103 Bobolink Drive, Vista. It is printed, 36 pages an issue. The Foundation was incorporated under California law, May 21, 1951, #254263, and has been in continuous existence since then. Address all correspondence to the PO Box. The Journal is included in the Foundation membership of \$7.00 a year. Single copies and back issues of the Journal are now \$1.50 each. If you don't care to join you may receive the Journal by donating \$7.00 a year or more to the Foundation. The Director's wife, Ms. Judith Crabb, is office manager and Secretary-Treasurer.

PURPOSES OF BSRF: This is a non-profit organization of people who take an active interest in unusual happenings along the borderland between the visible and invisible worlds. In the words of the late Meade Layne, founder and director of BSRA from 1946 to 1959: "BSRA publications are scientific in approach but employ few technical expressions. They deal with significant phenomena which orthodox science cannot or will not investigate. For example: The Fortean falls of objects from the sky. Teleportation, Radiesthesia, PK Effects, Underground Races, Mysterious Disappearances, Occult and Psychic Phenomena, Photography of the Invisible, Nature of the Ethers and the problem of the Aeroforms (Flying Saucers). In the year 1946 BSRA obtained an interpretation of the phenomena which since has come to be known as the Etheric or 4-D interpretation, and which has not been radically altered since that time. This continues to be the only explanation which makes good science, sound metaphysics and common sense."

The chief present concern of the Foundation is to make this kind of unusual information available as a public service at reasonable cost. Headquarters acts as a receiving, coordinating and distributing center. An important part of the Director's work is to give recognition, understanding and encouragement to people who are having unusual experiences of the borderland type and/or are conducting research in any of the above fields. For consultation on borderland problems, or for Spiritual healing through prayer, write or phone 714-724-2043 for help or for an appointment. Donations and bequests toward Foundation research programs and expenses are welcome.

The 24-page list of BSRF publications is available from Headquarters for 50¢ in coin or stamps. This includes mimeo brochures on borderland subjects, tape recordings of Mr. Crabb's lectures and of members of the Inner Circle, talking through trance-medium Mark Probert. Write to BSRF, PO Box 548, Vista, California 92083 USA.